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LIBERATORS AND FRENCHMEN

HE snake is scotched. General Eisenhower ay have failed to close quickly enough the laise-Argentan gap, west of which upwards of enty German divisions were threatened with mplete encirclement. Through the gap a sub-ntial proportion of the enemy's depleted armour d relatively mobile S.S. divisions has probably caped—though it has still to negotiate the cross-g of the Seine, bridged only by pontoons, under aseless air attack. At worst, however, the lies seem in a fair way to capture or destroy uch of the infantry which Von Kluge had sembled from all over France and committed the battle for Normandy. Without that in-ntry and with the remnants of its panzer visions battered and disintegrated, the German h Army will be greatly reduced in value as a hting force. The speed, moreover, with which eneral Bradley's outflanking columns have thrust wards Paris across the enemy's eastward lines retreat encourages hopes that most or all of e survivors of the 7th Army will have to fall ck in the general direction of Rouen. For asons of prestige, Hitler will be loth to abandon e French capital, and he may bring down yet ore troops from north of the Somme with orders hold Paris as the Russians held Stalingrad. tween Paris and Orleans, however, the country open and suitable for tanks. With luck, Paris ay be taken by a turning movement from the uth.

Meanwhile, the liberation of all France south Paris should be appreciably hastened by successful Allied landings east of Toulon. ith less than half a dozen enemy divisions avail-le for the defence of the coastline from the anish frontier to Mentone, it is not unduly opti-stic to look for a rapid Allied thrust up the one to Vichy, on both sides of which French rces of the Interior are waiting in strength to nforce the liberating army as it advances—with ench divisions, one may expect, in the "spear-ad." This new "front" now established will e little immediate bearing on operations north the Loire, but once contact is made by General lson's forces with the Maquis in the Cevennes d south of the Garonne, the few thousand German garrison troops still left in south-western France will be helpless: a general enemy evacuation of southern France will soon be inevitable.

In these circumstances it is the more desirable finally to clear up all political misunderstandings between Washington and the French Provisional Government. We have all been curious about the reasons which explained the obstinate hostility of President Roosevelt to General de Gaulle and the Algiers Government. Though something approaching a reconciliation was reached at Washington, the root of the trouble has not been removed and may again trip up the United Nations. The true explanation, to the best of our belief, is to be found in the *New Republic* of June 26. It bases itself on "the undenied story printed in several reputable journals, including one published under the authority of the United States Army." The dispute arose from the fear of the President that certain French Colonies may one day be a military menace to the U.S.A. He demands that these Colonies shall be "internationalised"—a term which the article does not define. The Colonies in question are Martinique, French Guiana, Dakar, St. Pierre and Miquelon, and even Indo-China. De Gaulle refused and pointed out in his reply that if any of these Colonies had been a danger to America it was because Vichy had fallen under the domination of the Germans.

The very reasonable comment of the *New Republic* is that it would "like to see all colonies internationalised for the sake of their inhabitants and as a guarantee of world peace." But why, it asks, should the French be expected to do with their Colonies what the British and the Dutch will not do with theirs?

To this proposition we should like to add a further question about the meaning of the verb to "internationalise." It might mean that France and Britain would continue to be responsible, under a mandate, for the administration of their former Colonies, subject to inspection and control by the International Authority. In that case the personnel of Colonial Civil Services could and should be gradually internationalised. This implies a common system of education for candidates, white or coloured. The Colonies should be de-militarised (with provision for an armed local police) and should be occupied, if at all, only by the International Police Force—if there is one. Whether this was what Mr. Roosevelt meant by "internationalisation" we do not know. General de Gaulle may have believed that the President had it in mind that American troops should be stationed in these Colonies. In fact, these problems of world-wide security cannot be solved until the Great Powers face the need for an organically international Police Force, raised and paid by the World Authority. But there must be one rule for us all. If Dakar is garrisoned by an international force, the same arrangement should apply to Gibraltar, Hong Kong and Panama. The President will antagonise the French people for a generation to come if he revives this one-sided demand.

The Warsaw Tragedy

Another terrible chapter has been added to the tragic story of Polish courage and misfortune. The events that have enabled the Germans to crush the rising Polish patriots in Warsaw are not yet wholly clear, and it is characteristic of Poland that the disaster should have even worse political than military repercussions. It is admitted that the orders to rise were given by General Sosnkowski, without reference either to his allies in Britain or to the Red Army authorities. It seems probable that, with their customary romanticism, the Poles had hoped to liberate Warsaw before the Russians arrived. Various charges have been made. It is suggested that the British or the Russians should have sent arms to help the patriots, or even that some Polish parachutists might have been sent from Italy or elsewhere. The last suggestion sounds fantastic; we are sure that if help from the Polish Army had been available and within range, nothing would have stopped them from going to the aid of their comrades. In any case it is not easy to see how either arms or parachutists could have been dropped on any effective scale in a large city controlled by enemy troops.

Far more serious, the *Osservatore Romana*, official paper of the Vatican, suggested that the Russians deliberately stopped outside Warsaw in order to allow the Polish patriots to be killed. The established facts are that the Russians, who were reported to be within six miles of Warsaw, under-estimated the enemy, and were driven back. Reports show that they are now fighting for villages twelve miles from Warsaw, which were in their hands before the Polish guerrillas made their abortive rising. Many "pro-Soviet" Poles were killed with the main body of Polish resisters, and this suggestion from the Vatican must be dismissed, like the Scottish Catholic bishops' circular, as a normal piece of anti-Soviet propaganda. This is peculiarly sad at a time when there are indications of a Soviet desire for an understanding with Rome. What we have most to regret is an ill-judged and unco-ordinated action on the part of the Polish Commander-in-Chief, which has led to the deaths of many brave men, whose aid, at the right moment, would have been invaluable to the advancing Red Army.

The Warsaw tragedy and the scarcely restrained recriminations further complicate the task of Mr. Mikolajczyk, whose object must be to effect a reconciliation between the National Committee of Liberation and as large a section of the London Poles as are willing to be reconciled. As leader of the Peasant Party—which shows far better sense than any other Polish group—he will desire to go back to liberated Poland and take part in its reconstruction. How far the bitter anti-Soviet feelings among the followers of General Sosnkowski will succeed in blocking agreement and in maintaining the friction between the rival factions in Poland itself must depend in part on the British Foreign Office, where the London Poles look for support.

The Poles and the Land

The London Polish Government states that it proposes, like the National Committee in Poland, to break up all the big estates, above a limit of 120 acres, and to promote peasant ownership, qualified by co-operation. This means not merely the liquidation of the great aristocratic estates, but also a blow at the social importance and economic power of the lesser gentry. This was the class behind Pilsudski. It understood the art of quartering itself on the working community by monopolising all the higher posts in the army and the civil service. These Polish Junkers were as incorrigible in their militarism and their nationalism as their Prussian counterparts, and equally oppressive in their attitude towards the peasants; luckily for their neighbours, they were less methodical and less scientific in their habits of thought. Poland's future turns on the question whether this dangerous class can be deprived of its power by a combination of peasant ownership with the democratisation of the army. This brings home one of the principal difficulties about the London Government in exile. It has promised land reform; every Polish group that hopes to lead must do that. But while Generals Sosnkowski and Anders head its forces, is it thinkable that they can become people's armies loyal to the civilian Republic?

About this land policy, in which, so far as words go, the London Poles and the Moscow Poles agree, we have some reservations to make. In the first place, little is gained by breaking up the great estates unless the peasant has capital with which to run his new or enlarged holding, meaning by that word horses or tractors, livestock and fertilisers. How to provide these is the real problem. Something should come from Lend-Lease sources as well as from indemnities. Secondly, the dismal, almost Asiatic poverty of the Polish village can be remedied radically only by a big and rapid expansion of suitable industries. Again, the machinery should come from both these sources. Finally, what are we to make of the sweeping phrases in the programme of the Moscow Poles, which seem to mean that all German cultivators, large and small, are to be driven off the land? If that meant only the colonists planted by the Nazis, all of us would agree. But we fear it may also mean the German farming population in the vast area of Eastern Germany which both Polish groups propose to annex. Can it seriously be intended to deport the millions of working farmers and small owners in the solidly German regions of Pomerania and the two Silesias? Such a settlement would obviously be incompatible with any constructive scheme for European prosperity. Like the *Economist*, we know that measures of this kind will not be workable and that good relations with Soviet Russia—the most important object of post-war policy—are more likely to endure if the Western Democracies speak honestly now, and reach an agreement to which they are determined to adhere, than if they accept a settlement which they do not approve and then "spend twenty years running away" from it.

Divide et Impera

We shall all be relieved of a heavy anxiety if the meeting between Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Jinnah should pave the way for a settlement of the Hindu-Muslim feud. More it cannot do, since Mr. Gandhi has no mandate from Congress, which is a banned organisation surviving only underground. This may, indeed, be a chief difficulty in the talks. The pair cannot meet on an equal footing. Mr. Jinnah comes fresh from a meeting of the Working Committee of the Muslim League, whereas the Working Committee of Congress is still in prison. We should find it easier to forgive Mr. Amery's refusal to release these untried prisoners of his if he would allow Mr. Gandhi to visit them and consult them; but even this request has been rejected. Such an attitude throws doubt on the Government's sincerity when it says that it desires a Muslim-Hindu understanding. But perhaps it thinks that boons so priceless should not be won too easily. It need have no anxiety on that score. There are other mines through which Indians must thread their way before they can unite. During the Cripps talks, at the first mention of a plebiscite to decide whether the inhabitants of "Pakistan" want separation, Mr. Jinnah insisted that only Muslims shall vote. Unless the *Times* is doing him an injustice, he still adheres to this demand. We have our doubts whether even a purely Muslim electorate, if the vote were honest and free, would yield a majority for separation. But as a matter of principle could Hindus and Sikhs consent to the disfranchisement of their co-religionists? If Pakistan began in this way, it would mean from the start the denial of political rights to the minorities; for, whatever the frontiers, some minority there will be.

The Allies and the Italian Government

We do not quite understand why the Italian armistice terms, so far kept a close secret both by the Allies and the Italians, should have been released to the world through the medium of the *Daily Telegraph*, but there is no reason to doubt the authenticity of its summary. The terms contain little that is surprising. Most of them are routine provisions for the use of the territory, supplies and resources of a defeated enemy whose allies are still in the field. They make no long-term provisions about the Italian economy, colonies, navy or public utilities. Provision was made for speedy elimination of fascist activity and for the establishment of free speech and association, together with the release of political prisoners. All of this was, of course, designed to meet the situation as it was last September, not as it is at present. With a prospect that the industrial North of Italy will be liberated before very long, preparation should be made for those "other arrangements" foreseen in the original terms. Though the Allied military authorities now seem to exercise their functions with discretion, Italians feel that their government is not now much more than a go-between for the Allies and the Italian people. With little progress so far made towards improving economic conditions, too many Italians are beginning to think that the meaning of liberation is unemplo ment, economic dislocation and food shorta Hoping to take advantage of this difficult inter position, the old reactionary Monarchist grou are plotting to foil the Bonomi Government, whi is in any case only a stop-gap, but a necessa stop-gap. Monarchist circles are alarmed at t agreement just reached between the Socialist a Communist parties and the possibility that it w be extended to include the Christian Democra The committee which has been set up to c ordinate their work has issued a minimum pr gramme, dealing with war organisation, the pur of fascist officials, the control of wages, livi standards and employment. It goes on to ma an appeal to the "great proletarian and people organisations" in the Allied countries "for valu able aid to help us out of the present grave situa tion." We should be glad to hear more specific ally what aid is needed.

The Greek Struggle

The crisis now blowing up in the Gre Government is said to be a matter of "perso alities." The real issues involved are that M Venizelos and three other Cabinet Ministe now say that if Mr. Papandreou is the obsta to unity—E.A.M. has made his retirement condition of entry to the Government—th prefer another Premier. Prof. Svolos, moder and universally respected, might be the be substitute. Meantime the King and the Co clique are busy trying to mobilise the British on the other side, accusing M. Venizelos of duplici and readiness to work with Communists. fresh delegation of E.A.M. to Cairo has be announced, and the Monarchists are particular anxious that Mr. Leeper, now on leave in Englan should return and repeat the part he played at th Lebanon Conference. The extremist sectio with which Mr. Papandreou and Mr. Leep seem ready to associate, are above all anxio that British troops should land in Greece t moment the Germans withdraw, so that they m act as a counterbalance to E.A.M., which is no honoured by a Soviet as well as a British Missio and might be the first to reach Athens.

The Future of Local Government

Whilst the critics and the planners have ha their say during the last three or four years abo the reform of our system of Local Governme the Cabinet has been playing possum. Mo people who are closely concerned, have agree that without some measure of reform the outloo for the local authorities is very gloomy. Th whole structure was showing signs of strain an inadequacy before the war—a strain that has bee intensified in most cases—and it is certain th without an overhaul it would break down in th immediate post-war period, especially if the loc authorities were called on to meet new demand arising from the reorganisation of the health an educational services. But nobody could agree o a programme of reform. This has playe into the hands of the Ministry of Health. T judge by the reports we have seen about its plan the Cabinet intends to do as little as it can abo Local Government. It has set its face again any sort of regionalism and towards a furth piecemeal alteration of the existing hotch-potc The big authorities have definitely won out; th county and the county borough are to be taken a the main units of local administration, and, pr sumably, after the up-grading and down-gradi of the authorities which are too big or too sm for their present status has taken place, we sh find that many of the smaller units have even l powers and capacity effectively to govern th they have at present. In principle, this is n altogether an undesirable process; both for tec nical and financial reasons some increase in th area and resources of local authorities is necessa But to us and, we expect to many local autho ties, too, it looks as though Local Governm may become less democratic and much more th agent of the central government which it i tended to become under war conditions

WHAT IS FREEDOM?

WHAT is freedom? The question is as old as arathon and older. To every generation it pre-nts itself anew, and the course of human velopment might be traced, at least in recent nturies, by the answers men have given to its allenge. Until the main body of a nation is reed on its answer, it will fumble in its effort to ape its social pattern. We believe that in this and a wide measure of agreement, in practice if t in theory, has been reached during this war. here is, none the less, a vocal and vehement inority of dissenters: events will show how fluential it is. We have before us its manifesto, hich takes the form of an appeal to contribute "a Fighting Fund for Freedom" by a group of enty-six peers and commoners, whose honorary retary is Sir Waldron Smithers, a Member of rliament and of the London Stock Exchange. he salient passages of this stirring and unusual cument are worth quoting:—

We are fighting this war for Eternal values, for Christian Principles, for Liberty and Freedom and for the Soul of man; for freedom to lead our own ives, for freedom from State interference, for reedom from filling up endless forms and from dictation and direction by Government officials, nd for freedom from the continuance of State ontrol after the war. We have *lent* our personal Freedom to the Government for the duration—it is ital that the loan be repaid after the war is over. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

To-day the trend of post-war legislation is in the pposite direction. Bill after Bill is being intro-uced, or envisaged, which involves compulsion nd loss of personal Freedom. Something must be one now to arrest the race down the road to the Totalitarian State

That these twenty-six gentlemen are in the p of some strong emotion is obvious, but what cisely they mean is a matter for divination. We her that the filling up of endless forms is con-ry to Christian principles, and that Sir Waldron ithers and his friends wish to be free after the r to do much which they are not permitted to to-day. Since they neither define nor enumer-these activities, would it be a fair conclusion t they wish to be free, in the economic sphere least, to do as they please? It is remarkable t they suggest no limitations. They ask ordingly for a million pounds with which "to ate a Public Opinion" for "the minimum of te control and the maximum of Individual edom." Their proposal to endow various ividualistic societies was evidently tactless: ne of them have rejected the gift in advance. Over some of the infringements of individual edom to which we have consented during this r, there is likely to be little dispute. This island l blaze like one vast beacon, when we can be of the black-out, and multitudes will rush into waves when the Army frees our shores from bed wire. All of us will feel deep relief when B can be swept away. Again, though military nsorship has been sensibly exercised, we shall be glad to see it go. No one can wish to rationing prolonged beyond necessity. It ans scarcity; but it is at plenty we aim. But s probable that the rationing of a good many mmodities will be necessary for several years r the end of the war in Europe. To this we ieve public opinion will consent with good ure and understanding. The principles of oning and control are better grasped than they e in the last war. Lord Woolton was a popu-Minister, and the average housewife realises t the "bureaucrats" over whom he presided a most distinguished job, and share with our ners and our fighting men the credit of ensur-our survival as a free nation.

Ve have had in the Bengal famine a ghastly inder of what may happen when a govern-nt is too timid or too old-fashioned to enforce trol in good time. With rationing we must cket the various forms of financial control ch have warded off inflation or kept it within tolerable limits. As time goes on we hope that this Treasury control may operate in the reverse direction to promote spending and the abundant production of civilian goods; but control there ought to be. The man who objects to it may call himself a Tory; to our thinking he is either an anarchist or else an ignoramus who knows nothing of the economics of this modern world.

Where, then, does serious controversy begin? Not, we think, over such measures as the raising of the agricultural worker's wage or Mr. Bevin's Catering Bill, or the expansion of education, or even over the Beveridge Report in its broad outlines. The battle of principle over such legislation as this was won long ago in the Liberal era. During the three generations that lay between the first Factory Acts and the adoption of social insurance in the Asquith-Lloyd George era, our nation turned its back on *laissez faire* and decided once for all in favour of the positive State, which exists to organise the welfare of its citizens. From this purpose of promoting security and a higher standard of life, the logic of experience has driven the main body of the nation, scattered over three parties, to accept the fact that its economic life must, and will, be planned. The real issue is: By whom and for what ends will it be planned? The planning can be done openly by the whole community through its democratic institutions for the common good, or it will be done in secret by Big Business for its own ends.

If the democracy does the planning, it will aim at a high output and full employment. If the monopolists and the great cartels do it, they will restrict output so as to ensure high prices and keep a whip hand over labour by maintaining a reserve army of unemployed men. The key lies in the control of the volume of output and the price structure. If the combines which monopolise steel, chemicals and one or two more of the basic commodities on which the rest of our industries depend, play for restricted output and relatively high prices, the entire price structure will be affected and all the declarations of parties and politicians in favour of full and steady employment will be so much verbiage. We have entered an era in which centralised control is inevitable. Free trade, *laissez faire*, free competition and the automatic regulation of prices and wages by the play of the free market—all this is as dead as Queen Victoria. If the twenty-six by spending a million pounds could induce the State to take its hands off our economic life, the result would not be freedom for the mass of this nation in the economic field, or even for the small business man. The result would be the unchecked rule of monopoly capital. This it may achieve, as it did in Italy and Germany, by buying a party which will use a combination of violence and sophistry in its service. But it will of course desire, in an old democracy like ours, to respect constitutional forms if its resources can "create" (to use the revealing words of this appeal) a public opinion favourable to the specious aims it professes. Its best trick is to abuse the term "freedom," a word as ambiguous as it is sacred.

What freedom in this contemporary world of mammoth combinations can the small man and the worker hope to enjoy? He may earn his bread only if the owners of the giant machines will employ him. While he labours through his eight-hour day at his repetition task, what say has he in the decisions on which the whole fate of himself and his class depends? If he is to escape from this helpless position as a chattel in the labour market, the only hope for him is to entrust his individual freedom to a Trade Union that can in some modest degree protect him. There may be in a modern community perhaps, as the French say, "two hundred families" for whom individual freedom in the economic sense has some meaning. For most people it is a mirage; it means only a little more to the small employer than it means to the craftsman or the labourer.

Freedom in the thinking of our generation has assumed a more natural and social sense than it had in the Victorian age. The freedom we want, the freedom that is attainable, is freedom for the organised community to shape its own life and plan its own development. It can achieve what the individual cannot do for himself: it can fix a standard of life at which it will aim: it can decide that it will respect certain standards of humanity and mercy: it can aim not merely at material comfort and security but at a level of culture worthy of civilised men. The obstacles to this ideal of social freedom are the institutions and the individuals which stand in the way of effective planning—the landowner whose claims frustrate rebuilding in the towns and appropriate the gains of farming; the industrial combine or the financial group which stands in the way of maximum production. Freedom has for our age a dynamic meaning: it is the opportunity to create and to mould the shape of our society as we will. At the foundation of this democratic conception of freedom lie the rights of free speech and discussion and the conceptions of impersonal law and independent courts which were fundamental for our ancestors from the days of the Civil War onwards. The more we insist that an organised society shall plan and legislate, the more imperative is it that it shall think and vote and debate freely. Only in such a society is respect for human personalities the rule of daily life

A COMMUNAL FORMULA

[*In this article, which has been cabled to us from Bombay by United Press of India, Mr. Rajagopalachari, ex-Premier of Madras, discusses his formula for settling the Communal problem. This formula contains six points. Its gist is that the Muslim League endorses the demand for Indian independence and co-operates with Congress in framing an interim government; that at the end of the war, a commission will mark out the boundaries of areas where a plebiscite of all the inhabitants will decide the issue of separation from Hindustan. All parties will be free to do propaganda before the plebiscite; questions of defence and joint services will be decided by mutual agreement; all transfers of population must be voluntary. These terms depend on Britain passing over full responsibility to the Government of India.*]

THE British Press as a whole seemed to have missed Mahatma Gandhi's unambiguous statement that he favoured full entry of a free Indian Government in the war against Japan. I appreciate therefore the view taken by THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, which frankly admitted that Gandhi has offered a chance for an Indo-British settlement. The newspaper warned the British people that this "chance may not come to us again. If we ignore it, we shall confirm Indians in their distrust of our good faith."

No wiser words were spoken. It shows that there are in Britain a few far-seeing men whose vision and judgment are not clouded by the intoxication of victory. They see that the situation in Asia is as important as the situation in Europe.

Mahatma Gandhi accepted my formula of a communal settlement with no mental reservations. It concedes all that the Muslim League resolution on Pakistan demanded in the year 1940. The League asked for the right to separate for certain tracts, and my formula fully concedes this demand. Of course, this right can only be exercised through a plebiscite of the people of the provinces concerned.

No one must forget that this is the twentieth century. We cannot create States at the bidding of politicians without asking the people concerned. If this fundamental right of the people is objected to, it will mean that the objector is not sure of the result of a referendum.

There is a chance now for healing of all sores. My appeal to Britain, the Muslim League and the people of India is that we should not lose this opportunity. If we miss it we shall remain where

we are at present with a continent-wide corruption and degradation of spirit.

I see no other alternative to the present situation except a violent civil war if we do not support any just claim for self-determination. Civil war and violence may have a theoretical place in evolution; but we must remember that it will not be allowed by the British Government. They will prevent it as long as they have power and hold down Hindus and Muslims alike.

My critics say that I am far away from the Punjab and Bengal and that I should leave it to the people of those provinces to decide. As a matter of fact we are leaving it to them: that is the meaning of a plebiscite. If I am far away, is not Mahatma Gandhi also far away? And is Britain nearer, on whom my critics depend, if the communal controversies remain unsolved? Do they not realise that all the horrors one associates with Pakistan are already there? My proposals will reduce the scope of existing wrongs.

The argument of vivisection has been now taken up by some Ministers of Indian States. I ask these Ministers to draw an outline map of India and then insert all Indian States on whose behalf they claim sovereign rights. One can then easily understand the meaning of vivisection! It is curious, however, that these Ministers and Princes do not offer any suggestion about the vital demand of the people of India, namely, freedom of their country. Apparently they are content with the so-called sovereign rights. They are content to substitute loyalty for Indian democracy.

It is no secret that the Princes drove Sir Stafford Cripps into a tight corner by insisting on their treaty rights with the paramount Power —the British Government. They threatened to requisition these rights, not against a foreign enemy, but against the movement for democracy in their own territories. Such terms as "allegiance to the Crown" cannot alter the fact that it is the British Cabinet and Parliament that exercise paramountcy. One cannot but be amused at the use of the term "treaty," when there is no shred of independence on the side of these Princes—they are subservient to the terror of the political department of the Viceroy. Cannot the Princes see that it would be far more honourable and consistent with their dignity to accept the paramountcy of the Indian people among whom they live in cultural, moral and material unity? Surely the time has come when the Princes should realise that suzerainty of Indian Democracy is the logical corollary of India's political progress.

The claim of the Indian States to be independent in their respective territories is a barbed-wire defence against the democratic feeling among their people. If their claim to independence is to be admitted, every Indian State becomes an island under British suzerainty in the sub-continent of India. No progress towards democracy is possible if this attitude on the part of the Princes is adhered to. I hope, however, that the Princes will realise the irresistible trend of feeling among their subjects to march side by side with their fellow-citizens in British India on the path of democracy and freedom.

We are also aware of the existence of important minorities outside the Hindu and Muslim communities. Happily, for instance, the Parsees make no territorial or separatist claims. They are anxious, of course, to enjoy equal civil rights along with other citizens of the Indian State. I feel sure that they have every confidence in the Congress for getting a square deal.

The task of the Indian democracy as I envisage it will be to set an example to the world through a fair and just government for the people and by the people. In this ancient land of immemorial cultures, kings and princes have bowed before *Dharma* (duty). The people of India will not be less noble than the kings of olden days in the discharge of their duties towards their fellow countrymen. This is an assurance rooted in the genius of the land, and is bound to prove of far greater value than any paper charter.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI.

A LONDON DIARY

TRAINS packed with evacuees—"official" mothers and children, "unofficial" adult victims of bombing—roll out of Euston and King's Cross. What happens at the other end? Londoners learn little of that side of the story. Occasional paragraphs in the Press—compulsory billeting is threatened in this or that town, dissatisfied families are returning to London—give a hint that all may not be as well as Miss Horsburgh would have us believe; but the picture as a whole is curtained by official reticence. To judge, however, from a colleague's recent observation of conditions in Northumberland, defective organisation and mistaken billeting policy are creating both needless and deplorable congestion and also animosity, between North and South, between class and class. Unaccompanied children can be, and are, absorbed without great difficulty, though even in their case the tendency has been to import far too many into crowded urban working-class areas. Psychologically and socially the adult, with or without children, is the real problem. The sharing of a house even as between friends is never easy, and when it comes to joint use of cramped kitchen and scullery by working-class housewife and strangers, friction is almost inevitable. Moreover, the mentality of the evacuee from the South, often suffering from mild shell-shock, and always apt to suspect hostility, is not conducive to harmony. On the other hand, the middle class, who have ample accommodation to spare, are making little or no effort to co-operate. They simply will not take in evacuees. Indeed, in one "select" seaside village visited by my colleague local displeasure was swiftly visited on the wife of an army officer who volunteered, despite having two babies on her hands, to board an evacuated family from London. Her landlord promptly gave her a month's notice to quit.

* * *

Now in this village—and the same is true of most country townships in the North—there are a score of empty houses—some very large—recently vacated by troops but still held under War Office requisition. The Army has no further need of this accommodation; and, so long as it lies unused, householders of all classes may be forgiven if they are reluctant to add to existing burdens by having evacuees under their own roof. What families evacuated from bombed areas need, in fact, is "a place of their own," where they do not feel beholden to reluctant hosts. In many cases they would benefit from tutelage and from organised communal feeding on lines which would be practicable in a large requisitioned house. Some local authorities in Northern rural districts have expressed their willingness to organise the reception and maintenance of hundreds of evacuees provided they can obtain these empty houses and arrange them as hostels under management. But, so far, the Ministry of Health has taken no action to secure transfer of this wasted accommodation. Billeting on existing households is easier and possibly cheaper; so billeting—with its sorry tale of discomfort and frayed tempers—it has to be. Even with the threat of V2 in the offing, all the old errors of 1940–41 are being repeated.

* * *

"Christmas Day in the Mortuary" is not the title you would expect children to choose for their first dramatic performance, nor would you expect it to be deliberately obscene. But these children, as Mrs. Paneth explains in her most remarkable little book, *Branch Street* (Allen and Unwin, 6*s*.), were very unusual children. They differed from other slum or "problem" children in really hating and distrusting every adult. They did not respond to goodwill because experience had made them incredibly malicious; they were also lewd to the point of obsession. They were negative, destructive and vengeful. Mrs. Paneth, who is as modest and candid as she is Christian and courageous, does not pretend that her experiment with these children was more than the beginning of a success. She persuades me that discipline and the usual bag of tricks for dealing with "wild" children would have failed completely.

* * *

Branch Street is in London; half-blitzed and half brothel. The children have no known fathers, apart from their strong tie with their mothers they have nothing at all to hold to. (Note that they are the opposite of "savages," who live in highly disciplined communities.) Mrs. Paneth tried, with the aid of infinite patience, supplemented by drawing and painting materials, to build some relation of confidence between them and grown-ups. Her helpers were a number of very young Conscientious Objectors, who were themselves shocked when she decided that the constant demands of the children to be given every detail of "how babies are made" should be quickly and publicly satisfied. Improvement began from the moment when she replied honestly to their questions, but the courage needed on this occasion and on others when she was physically assaulted is not easy to assess. On another occasion Mrs. Paneth took some of the girls camping; as usual she let them do as they liked and the results were mixed, but encouraging to the eye of faith. The most revealing and bewildering thing is constant change in the children's minds; the occasional gusts of decency so quickly give way to the impulse to hurt and destroy. These children are not war products, though war conditions have been peculiarly good for gangsterism. They existed before the war and will exist after it. Mrs. Paneth ends with an ingenious practical proposal, which I hope the Authorities will put into operation. She remarks, correctly, that "the horde which Hitler employed to carry out his first acts of aggression—murdering and torturing peaceful citizens—was recruited mainly from desperate Branch Street youths." No society can afford Branch Street.

* * *

I am told that one of the most useful forms of Allied aid to the Yugoslav partisans has been to take off a considerable number of their wounded for treatment in territory where proper medical supplies are available. In Italy, discussing all Yugoslav problems with Marshal Tito, Mr. Churchill will have heard in greater detail of field operations with kitchen knives, without anæsthetics or bandages. The need can only be supplied nationally, as part of the whole plan of campaign. But it is useful for the public to know and understand, and Mr. Alfred Barnes, M.P., judged rightly when recently he started a campaign in *Reynolds* for medical supplies to Yugoslavia. Now I see that a Yugoslav Emergency Committee (address 18 Kent Terrace, N.W.1) has been formed; it includes many well-known names.

* * *

I remarked last week that I had heard nothing more from either Father Heenan or any other Catholic about the letter of the Archbishop of Winnipeg, which offered a guarantee of salvation to soldiers on payment of a fee to a Catholic society. Now Father Heenan sends me a friendly letter saying that, although he has unofficial information that I have correctly quoted Archbishop Sinnot, he is waiting for confirmation from the Apostolic Delegate in America. I am glad to hear this. But in the meantime the Archbishop has himself confirmed the authenticity of the letter. After it had been reproduced in a local Canadian paper, he wrote to a Mr. O'Malley, who is a member of its staff, accepting responsibility for the text of the letter, but stating that the wrong interpretation had been placed on it.

> I did not say that $40.00 would ensure salvation any more than $40,000.00 would. I said "what better guarantee," in the sense that if there be a guarantee (which there is not), what better title to God's mercy than to help spread the Gospel of Christ. . . . To guarantee heaven for $40.00 would be pure, unadulterated fraud.

Copies of this letter were sent to the *New Republic*, which had been as perturbed as myself by the

ginal circular, and to other people who had tten to the Archbishop for an explanation. e of these, an Army sergeant persisted in his quiries, and wrote again to Archbishop Sinnot, ing that the reply still left him in the dark " as just what is inferred and involved when the ulated amount of $40.00 is paid." After ding through all this correspondence, I turned in to the original circular, and pondered these ely unambiguous words :

What better guarantee for any boy exposed to ll the hazards of war ! A guarantee, should he be illed, that he will go at once to his Maker, to be with Him for all eternity.

e letter also asks " if you are indifferent the safety of your boy " ; " wouldn't it be ter to take the best means you know to ensure boy's return " ; " the important thing is to ure the boy's safety, as far as we can do so— safety in time and eternity." It is always ssible for the Archbishop to claim he has been sinterpreted, but to thousands of ignorant and ple people this promise must sound binding d authoritative.

* * *

Like Mr. Agate, I feel that the most immediate blem before the world is " the destruction of Nazi mentality." But he adds (*Daily Express*, gust 12th) a sentence that I'm sure, as a tinguished critic of the arts, he will recall h astonishment. So long as this mentality destroyed, he says, " it doesn't matter if no d poem or symphony or canvas is achieved Europe for a hundred years." Which is rather saying that as long as I get over this attack pneumonia it does not matter if I survive, deaf d dumb and a hopeless imbecile.

CRITIC

BOMB CONSCIOUS

" V2, the new weapon, is something absolutely w."—Berlin Correspondent, *Svenska Dagbladet*, August 13th.

y bombs, night bombs, late bombs, early bombs,
zz bombs, fly bombs, power bombs, whirlibombs,
e bombs, fire bombs and cascade bombs,
gmentation and delayed bombs,
istlers, screamers, bouncers, jumpers,
mbs that burst and bombs that hide,
ngers, dodgers, thudders, crumpers,
mbs that hover, bombs that glide,
avy, medium, large and small,
ndoners have had them all.

gh bombs, low bombs, new bombs, old bombs,
rget bombs and uncontrolled bombs,
t bombs, slow bombs, lone bombs, blitz bombs,
ld bombs, trial bombs, oil bombs, sitz-bombs,
mbs in baskets, bombs in clusters,
bots, anti-personnel,
tterfly bombs and blockbusters,
odlebugs and hounds of hell,
ry type, no matter what,
ndoners have had the lot.

st of targets and the last,
rched with fire and scarred with blast,
ndon still with London pride
es the bombing in her stride,
ugh the enemy has sent
ry kind he can invent.
zed, bombarded, but not out,
ndon now begins to doubt
he foe can still devise
genuine surprise,
nching missiles from afar
olly unfamiliar.
i boasts of Doodle One
ving greatly overdone,
e they found in Doodle Two
nething absolutely new ?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to J. V. Murphy.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The fifth Earl —— was one of the old-fashioned earls—old-fashioned in the best ense. When he died last April, in his 79th year, he had 28 servants. —*Daily Mail.*

THE SAILORS' " PULL."—The small model water closet which has been a familiar advertising exhibit in the window of Mr. W. Jukes, sanitary engineer, in St. Thomas's Square for many years, was sold this week to some Naval officers who were so persistent in their appeal to the proprietor to part with it that he eventually agreed to do so. We understand that the officers put it to a novel purpose in aid of charity.—*Isle of Wight County Press.*

For sale, collection 100 secondhand forks from good homes.—*Exchange and Mart.*

Wanted, purchase or rent post-war, small villa Estoril or Dinard ; nice garden.—Advert in *Times.*

THE WHITE RUSSIANS

DESPITE the fact that all responsible American leaders have repeatedly emphasised that the global strategy of the United Nations would be seriously weakened by any diversion of Russian forces from the European front, and have thoroughly discredited the demand for " Russian bases " in the Far East which the Allies at present could neither protect nor supply, certain sections of the American press continue to publish misleading comments on Russo-Japanese relations, implying that Russo-Japanese neutrality is based on some sinister political design rather than on fully justifiable military reasons.

Such insinuations ignore the fundamental and long-standing antagonism between the Soviet Union and fascist imperialist Japan. Japanese militarists have never made any secret of their enmity toward Russia, or of their belief that, in the words of the Tanaka Memorial, a war with Russia " seems a necessary step in our programme of national aggrandisement." Long before the present war, both Japan and Nazi Germany began assiduously cultivating the enemies of the Soviet Union as useful tools for their future campaigns of conquest, and they have never abandoned this policy. Chief among the instruments which Japan found ready at hand were the White Russian exiles in Asia, whose hatred of the Soviet regime made them ready collaborators with the Japanese. The story of White Russian activities in Asia, organised and largely financed by Japan, should make it abundantly clear that despite her " neutrality " toward the Soviet Union, Japan is giving every encouragement to the most bitter enemies of the Soviet Government and doing everything possible to stir up anti-Soviet sentiment in the territories under her control. It should also dispel any illusion that the Soviet Union regards fascist Japan as anything but an implacable enemy.

The White Russian emigrés in Asia, who include many ex-Tsarist officers and scions of Tsarist nobility as well as the most impoverished and ignorant class of Russian exiles, have never abandoned their dream of a Russia restored to the Romanovs—and to them. Their hopes of a monarchist counter-revolution were waning, however, at the time of the Japanese invasion of Manchuria in 1931. The Soviet regime was growing in power, while their own forces were becoming weaker. Living under the delusion of a speedy Soviet crash and their own return to a monarchist Russia, most of them had made no attempt to take root in China and many had degenerated into idle day-dreamers, brooding over past glories. The launching of Japan's campaign of continental conquest gave them a new lease of life. They ignored the fact that the Japanese had a long record of treachery in their dealings with Russia. Japan was an avowed enemy of the Soviet Union, and that was enough for them. They could serve the Japanese, and Japan could serve them.

The Japanese invaders entered Harbin to the cheers of the large White Russian community. Nowhere else did they receive such a welcome. Thanksgiving services were held in Orthodox Cathedrals, and while the sorrowing Chinese bent lower over their meagre bowls of rice, the emigré fascists rejoiced as if they were hailing conquering heroes and hastened to offer their services to the invaders. White Russian units became special defence guards on the railways and others entered the Japanese secret service. The chief White Russian organisation in Manchuria, the V.F.P. (*Vserosiiskaya Fashistskaya Partia*) or All-Russian Fascist Party, was organised with Japanese help in 1931 under the leadership of the notorious General Ataman Semenoff, who commanded the Cossack army that fought against the Soviets in Siberia in 1918–20. The party established a military training school in Harbin, and also operated an intelligence bureau which concentrated on training military spies for use in Soviet territory. Its activities were partially financed with Tsarist gold deposited in Japanese banks during the Revolution and issued to the party by the Japanese Kwantung Army. Its daily newspaper, *Nash Put* (*Our Road*), was published with Japanese funds and bore the fascist emblem of a swastika surmounted by the Imperial Russian eagle. Branches of the party were organised in Mukden, Dairen, Tientsin, and Shanghai. The basic point in the party's programme was the restoration of the monarchy in Russia. Other points were taken straight from Hitler, and stress anti-communism, anti-semitism, and anti-internationalism. Finally, one week before Pearl Harbour, Semenoff's military forces were officially incorporated into the Japanese Army.

To-day, the White Russian fascists who are working overtime for the " honorary Aryans " of the East still add up to a considerable force. Although not all of the some 200,000 White Russians in Manchuria and China are actively serving Japan, so-called " Anti-communist Societies " have been organised by White Russians in Tientsin, Peiping, Shanghai and other cities in occupied China which serve as powerful instruments of Japanese propaganda and the Japanese secret service. Typical of Russian fascist organisations is the " Anti-Communist Committee in North China " which works from Tientsin under the leadership of the notorious Japanese agent Pastukhin, a " Lieutenant Colonel " by Japan's grace. Pastukhin takes his orders from Major Taki, a Russian-educated Japanese intelligence officer, and the power of his organisation in Tientsin is tremendous. Only those Russians who are considered reliably anti-Soviet can find jobs, and Pastukhin controls the issue of passports and identification papers so essential for travel in Japanese-controlled territory. The headquarters of the organisation is located in the so-called " White House " built in imitation of Hitler's " Brown House " in Munich. There Russian children are taught the doctrine of Japan's racial superiority, and adults are given lectures by Japanese authorities. Courses in the Japanese language, history, and war aims must be attended by the Russian community.

The most important " anti-communist " society in Shanghai was organised as soon as the Wang Ching-wei puppet government was set up in Nanking. Its headquarters is in the Hongkew section, controlled by the Japanese army, and from there it has sought to extend its control over all White Russians in the city, most of whom live in the French Concession. In Shanghai, however, the Russian fascists met real opposition from some of their fellow emigrés,

under the leadership of K. E. Metzler, head of the old Russian Emigrants Committee. Mr. Metzler and his supporters had no sympathy for the Soviet regime, but they had established business and professional careers for themselves in China, and had no desire to engage in Japanese-sponsored political activities. In August, 1940, Mr. Metzler was found mysteriously murdered, and N. A. Ivanov, a prominent Russian lawyer, was elected in his place. At first Ivanov tried to steer a middle course, but responding to immediate threats, he soon began to make concessions. Ivanov co-operated with the Japanese when they ordered the registration of all White Russians in Shanghai, although he was aware that the real object was to enlist them all in the newly organised Shanghai "Anti-Communist Society." Following the registration, all able-bodied Russians between the ages of 18 and 45 were ordered to go to Tientsin for training under Japanese officers. Jews were excluded, but were compelled to pay a heavy military exemption fee.

But Ivanov was not fascist enough to suit the White Russian fascists. He was accused of being too slow in collaborating with "all those who hate Soviet Russia," and he, too, was murdered by White Russian agents of the Japanese. After the murder of Ivanov, N. C. Serejnikoff, a former colonel in the Imperial Russian Army, was appointed acting chairman of the Russian Emigrants Committee. No permanent successor has yet been found, the fate of Metzler and Ivanov being too grim a warning.

The Japanese have also made good use of the White Russian fascists in seizing control of the émigré press. The *Russkoye Vremia*, or *Far Eastern Times*, in Hongkew, is nominally edited by a Russian-educated Japanese named Kuriki, but is actually controlled by two notorious Japanese collaborators, General V. D. Kosmin and F. A. Globoff. They have drawn up an anti-Soviet declaration and obtained the signatures of twenty-one Russian organisations in the Far East. *Zaria*, the oldest émigré paper in Shanghai, is edited by two well-known fascists, L. V. Arnoldoff and K. A. Lobacheff, and its Tientsin and Harbin editions are in Japanese hands. One of the most violently pro-Japanese and anti-American papers is the Tientsin *Vozrozhdenie Azii*, or *Rebirth of Asia*, which serves as the organ of Pastukhin's "Anti-Communist Committee." Like the Russian fascist papers in Manchuria, all these Japanese-controlled Russian language papers follow an anti-communist, anti-semitic, anti-American, and anti-British line.

Recently the Japanese have intensified their efforts to win over the White Russian youth, many of whom are rallying to the "Vosrashchenstvo" or "Returning" movement, with "back to Russia" as its slogan. Since the spring of 1941, hundreds of the younger generation have applied for Soviet passports with the intention of returning to the Soviet Union and becoming citizens.

Born in exile, or too young to remember the "old Russia," these young Russians are developing ideas of their own about their motherland. Many of the older White Russians have also joined the "Returning" movement. They have come to realise that Japan has no interest in providing for their future, and they are also impressed by the Soviet Union's growing prestige among the United Nations. The Soviet Government is encouraging this shift and is employing "reformed" White Russians in China after thorough investigation. In Tientsin, they have replaced the entire Chinese staff of the Soviet Consulate.

But there are still many thousands of diehards left among the White Russians in Asia who share the dreams of their fellow émigrés in all parts of the world for the overthrow of the Soviet Government, the defeat of the United Nations, and the establishment of world fascism. In Europe, these White Russian fascists are collaborating actively with Nazi Germany. In Asia, their latest line is agitation for peace between China and Japan, so that Japan will be strengthened for the struggle against Britain and America. In the U.S.A., their chief leader is Count Anastase A. Vonsiatsky, who edited *The Fascist* in Putnam, Connecticut, before his arrest as a Japanese agent. Vonsiatsky claimed to have some 50,000 followers in the United States alone.

The above facts, which leave no room for doubt that Japan is working hand in glove with the most bitter enemies of the Soviet Union, are easily accessible to the American press. And therefore those papers which seek to imply the existence of some sinister political understanding between Russia and Japan cannot plead ignorance as their excuse for an irresponsible action which can only serve to weaken United Nations unity and harm our common war effort.

ALBERT A. BRANDT

[Dr. Albert A. Brandt was among the first of the German liberals to be exiled by Hitler. With Dorothy Thompson and others, he collaborated on *The Assault of Civilisation*, an early warning of the Nazi menace. His family has resided in Germany for more than 400 years, and he is a direct descendant of Don Abarbanel of Spain, who helped finance Columbus' expedition to America.]

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE

A SUCCESSION of accidental encounters has driven me to remove their war-time dust-sheets from a number of principles in the faith of which I lived during the inter-war years. Thus Quintin Hogg in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* has suggested that the Oxford Resolution was a potent factor in bringing on the present war; Lord Vansittart, in a recent Brains Trust, said that my belief that we had snubbed the representatives of democratic Germany and bolstered up the Nazis through fear of the Bolshevist bogy was a fantasy; while Walter Elliot, by his insistence at another Brains Trust upon the necessity of maintaining conscription after the war and a prepared willingness at all times to fight to maintain our national security, translates into modern terms what I had assumed to be the exploded maxim, *si vis pacem, para bellum*. It may be that these *fin de guerre* utterances should not be taken too seriously; that the flying bomb—last and worst of German psychological follies—in exciting the public temper and heating the atmosphere of controversy has incidentally raised the temperatures of such experienced and eminent men as my critics; that when peace comes again these and similar utterances will be looked back upon as gnats issuing from the fevered atmosphere of the quinquennium of the war-time mind.

Nevertheless, be their status what it may, the views to which I have referred reflect a climate of opinion which is (*a*) growing, and (*b*) very different from that which prevailed in the "devil sick" period of the Atlantic Charter. All of them seem to me to lead to two conclusions which my principles declare to be false; first, that it is only by force of arms that we can hold Germany down and prevent her from flying at our throats twenty-five years later; secondly, that it is upon the strength of *our own* armed forces that, in the last resort, we must rely for safety in the post-war world.

We are all agreed on one thing: the necessity of preventing another holocaust. There is, then, no difference among us in regard to ends; our differences relate solely to means. How, we all want to know, can we best prevent another war? My critics answer this question by saying that it is necessary *imprimis* that Germany should be made and kept helpless. But is this, in fact, practicable? So far as my knowledge of history goes, attempts made to hold down vigorous nations over an indefinite period by force of arms have always failed. The most striking example of this, which I take to be a general lesson of history, has been witnessed by most of us in our own life-time. In November, 1918, Germany handed "herself over, powerless and defenceless, to the discretion of her long tortured and now victorious foes"—the phrase is the Prime Minister's. Part of Germany was occupied and placed under martial law. Separatist movements were fomented and maintained by French bayonets. An elaborate attempt was made to create a buffer Rhineland State under French control, while the French Prime Minister proposed to occupy bridgeheads over the Rhine for thirty years, later reduced to fifteen. The permanent disarmament of Germany combined with crushing indemnity was demanded by the French; the latter demand subsequently receiving point and picturesqueness by the declaration of the First Lord of the British Admiralty that "we will get out of her all that we can squeeze out of a lemon and a bit more . . . squeeze her until you can hear the pips squeak." The German Navy was sunk to the bottom of the sea; the German army reduced to 100,000 men and so on until the German people, exasperated by the slights and humiliations that we put upon them were within a decade turning a receptive ear to the savage sophistries of Hitler with results that are all too visibly before us. All these—and they are only sample items—I take from the writings of Major Liddell-Hart, the historian of the last war, and inevitably they prompt the question why a similar attempt should not eventually produce a similar result, especially if Lord Vansittart be right in attributing to the German nation as a whole a permanent and pervasive mentality? All this bears on the question of our demand for unconditional surrender based, as it apparently is, on the assumption that there is no substantial body of opinion in Germany that wants to get rid of the Nazis and which, given encouragement, would revolt against them. It also bears on the eventual treatment of Germany; upon, for example, such a proposal as that of Mr. Sumner Welles for dividing post-war Germany into three separate states, the only which I can think of nothing more disastrous. The conclusion that *I* draw is that there is no half-way house between a peace of absolute extermination and one of comparative moderation. The former I think to be impracticable and opt, therefore, for the latter.

So far the argument has been confined to the realm of opinion, but now it passes over into something more intangible, the sphere of value. While I hold that wars between nations are the bane of our civilisation, and if persisted in, will destroy it, my critics seem to think that there is something glorious in the maintenance of a nation of armed force. Walter Elliot, for instance, talks of "the dedication of arms" and "the honour of the sword." This sort of talk seems to me to be nothing more nor less than an anachronistic hangover from the age of chivalry. Applied to the modern world, it is dangerous a piece of sentimentality as ever led men to their destruction. That the use of the sword may once have seemed to some natures to be admirable I can conceive, although, realistically considered, a sword is nothing but an instrument for making a painful hole in the body of another man whom you have probably never seen before. But it is not in terms of the sword that contemporary wars are waged, but of the bomb and the flying bomb; while future wars will see the scientists arming us with poison gas and bacteria. Now is there any sense at all in talking of the "dedication of dynamite" or the "honour of the bacteria bomb?" Again, situations may arise in which war is necessary, and that this is one of them in the sense that we must fight to retain our freedom, I can well understand; but that there should be any element of the desirable in it, necessary, that there can be any chivalry in the use of the flying bomb, or honour in a war against the Nazis, or that the mood in which we must fight could ever be that of knights entering the lists at a tournament and not of men going down to clear out a dirty and dangerous drain, seems to me to be romantic balderdash.

How—let me repeat the question that concerns us all—are we to achieve security? By standing alone as an embattled nation supported by

mpire, as advocates of conscription after the r—and it was in relation to this issue that liot, the Editor and I were set controverting—ould seem to envisage? But this, surely, is to erlook the facts of population? Ours numbers millions and it will decline; America has o millions, Russia 185 millions and Russia's growing. By allying ourselves with other tions? But this is to return to the politics of e balance of power, upon which the peace of the neteenth century precariously rested, and which s finally discredited by the war of 1914–18. can see only one answer to the question—by tablishing some form of international govern-ent either in the shape of a revived and improved eague, or, as I s' ould prefer, of a federal vernment conceivably embracing the nations Western Europe, which integrates into a single deral force the common forces of all the nations tering into union. Now, if we are to stand ne, if we are to put our faith in alliances, if we e to envisage the continual policing of Germany, nscription will, it is obvious, be necessary; but our obligations are limited to providing a ntingent to an international army or a federal ce, the number should not be greater than can supplied by relying upon the regular proportion adventurous and enterprising young men which ery fresh generation offers for the life of action d service. If I am right in this estimate, it ll be no more necessary to conscribe our young n for an international armed force than it is the equally necessary national police force.

It seems not unreasonable to hope—I will go rther and say that it seems to me to be the only pe for peace after the war—that from the esent alliance of the British Empire, Russia d America such an international government ght ultimately be born. But to transform this pe into a reality, we must rid ourselves of the ntimental illusion that we can rely for our curity upon our own strong right arm, just as we ust abandon chimerical projects of treating rmany indefinitely as a pariah nation to be tracised while she acquiesces and repressed if e kicks. We have got to live with Germany mehow after the war and the sooner we return the notion, propagated by our own statesmen its early days, that she must be one day taken ck into the comity of European nations either an international or a federal basis, the better. e mood of my critics seems to me to be danger-s, precisely because it postpones such a con-mmation to Greek kalends.

C. E. M. JOAD

"A LANDING WAS MADE . . ."

ou suddenly become aware of the monotonous lsation of the engines as they stop, then there silence and the waves lap quietly against the e of the ship. The anchor slips out with a ll rattle. In the darkness you can just make t the dim shapes of the nearest ships of the nvoy. You look at your watch; there is only lf an hour or so to go to H hour, D Day. e men of the first flight, dark, hump-backed ures, have formed up on deck ready to embark the assault craft. In a few minutes the craft ve quietly off into the darkness. And now u must wait until the wireless speaks from the d. The darkness fades into the chill grey of wn, and four or five miles off a thin line is wn across the horizon; thousands of eyes, y a little while before dulled with fatigue, now bright and keen, strain to probe the stery of that grey line which is the enemy shore. think that all the shores of the world are ke when you see them from the assault ships the early dawn. On some there may be houses, others palm trees; some seem flat; behind ers mountains loom to the sky. But all are ke in the mystery and the promise of death y hold. Each man, as he strains his eyes m the side of the ship, asks himself what it is t makes up that mystery, and mostly he answers his own question in the only terms which come to his mind-material ones; mines, beach defences, wire, and machine gun emplacements. If the watching eyes see the sharp yellow flashes, like mirrors in the sun, it is almost with a sense of relief . . . that fountain of water that rises near by a few seconds after the flash is a shell, and shells are familiar things, not pleasant or welcome, but things that have no mystery in them. For what weighs on these men is not the known, the material things, the wire and the rest, it is the unknown, whose presence all men everywhere feel in those early dawn hours. Napoleon, of course, knew that, and knew that it takes the highest courage of all, what he called "four o'clock in the morning courage" to combat it when the faculties are sharpened a thousand-fold by the thought of the ordeal to come.

That is a great, a unique experience, and even with the fear of death in their hearts, as well they may have, I think that few men do not feel it as such. The most cheerful and loquacious can look grave during that half-hour or so from the time that the big ships anchor and the assault craft touch the shore. It is not fear, though often there is fear; it is not uncertainty, though often there is uncertainty. It is a strange emotion with more of romance than it is sometimes fashionable now to say that war can ever hold. There is something of the Cook and Shackleton in each of us, although in the years of going to the City on the 8.15 or standing at the lathe, it may have been starved of light and air and have become a frail plant indeed. But it is there all the same, and I think it is this which, experienced in those tense moments, gives to them that touch of romantic adventure, which is different, somehow, from the terrible, grim adventure of the battlefield.

Fear, uncertainty, curiosity about the unknown—these are present in battles on land. No man who goes out with a patrol into enemy country escapes them. But in land fighting there is always the solid bond of earth which unites you with the enemy. There is no line which is distinctly and definitely his, which he has held perhaps for years, and which you suddenly step over with the thrill of conquest. The land may be fought over back and fro without any great change or disaster for either side, and so it is that there is often a strip which is called No Man's Land between you and the enemy. Advances are rarely so rapid that they carry you, as it were, right into the enemy's camp; you drive him before you, the battle ebbs to and fro and the ground you win becomes familiar by degrees.

It is far otherwise with the sea. There you are in an element which is the realm of fish, not of men; you live on it precariously and uncertainly. At best it needs only a rock to drive in the bottom of your ship, or a great storm, and then your mastery of the element is in dispute. For man, neither in peace nor war, is there any definite conquest of the sea. And so, as you see the line of the enemy shore in that grey half light which the navy calls "first light," you become doubly conscious of this great and simple truth that man is himself only on land. You feel, as perhaps you never felt, what a barrier only a few miles of sea may be. That mysterious unknown shore which you can hardly see as yet, marks the enemy's land; that is his element and on it he is master; he can manoeuvre, can bring up his supplies, evacuate his wounded, and even run away. And that is where you must reach; you must take a piece of his land and hold on to it; for you this battle cannot ebb and flow. Behind the enemy is the land which is his—and yours if you can take it from him; behind you is the sea which is neither his nor yours. You must land and hold on. He can run away, you cannot (unless you like the thought of re-embarking under the enemy's fire, and few men like to contemplate that possibility). Then you reach the land and rush or crawl, hungry for a little cover, for there has been no cover on the sea. This is a battle, too, which is fought on your side with men first, then the machines may come; frail flesh and blood, you must fight not only the enemy flesh and blood but his guns and concrete and perhaps his tanks as well. And when ashore you know that it needs only a few gusts of wind to cut you off from all your comrades, from the supplies you need to fight with, from the machines which are your allies, from hospital if you are wounded.

The hands creep round the dial of your watch; the thin line which almost imperceptibly divided land from sea becomes clear and sharp. The grey of the horizon becomes the blue of sky, the brown of land, the grey-green of sea. It is day. The first flight has reached the shore; the wireless speaks. The mystery now has faded; this is only war.

AVISON WORMALD

THE MOVIES

"Virtuous Isadore," at the Academy.
"Christmas Holiday," at the Leicester Square.
"The Story of Dr. Wassell," at the Carlton.
"The White Cliffs of Dover," at the Empire.

Every revival reminds us how fleeting is the art of the screen. The favourite becomes an old favourite; we enshrine it, we start to make allowances; and in twenty years all feeling for this particular length of celluloid—once so alive and original—will have subsided. *Caligari* has gone and *Potemkin* is going; so it is with all the others—except, perhaps, the news-reels and the funny films. Humour survives by a shorthand of its own. In early Chaplin comedies we hold on not only to Chaplin but to the cuneiform of a vanished age. And seeing again—possibly for the last time?—Fernandel in *Le Rosier de Mme. Husson*, I felt that here, too, was a fragment which might be dug up with relish in the years when *Citizen Kane* and *Le Million* lie undusted in the vaults of the Film Institute. Sheep's head, in sacrificial white, shines out here as never before or since, and the background of *opéra bouffe* and provincial manners has no subtleties that age can blunt. This isn't one of the classier French comedies, but it has an immortal story, and Fernandel simulates an innocence more staggering than Charlot's.

A well-made little piece from a Somerset Maugham story is the best of the new films. *Christmas Holiday* has the right length and emphasis (something between short story and novel), it is prettily photographed, and Robert Siodmak's direction shows a notable terseness. Terse rather than tense, perhaps, but one is grateful for the method that cuts short the trial scene and dwells instead on a midnight mass, that creates a style economically. The flashbacks are used—as in that masterpiece of its kind, *Le Jour Se Lève*—to bring past and present to a dramatic meeting-point; action here presses forward even when we are looking back, instead of being lost in the series of retreats that makes films like *Voyage to Marseille* oppressively fatiguing. I won't tell the story which, though lightly sketched in, is a good one. Gene Kelly gives an attractive performance as the weak-natured son whose flaw opens the way to murder; and here is Miss Deanna Durbin trying her hand, honourably if not excitingly, in a role outside ideal girlhoods. When she sings, it is in a flat little voice in a dance-parlour.

Then, two creations of the Wurlitzer school, with every stop pulled out. *The Story of Dr. Wassell* comes from a moving tale of heroism in the war, *The White Cliffs of Dover* from a lachrymose verse idyll, but the results in the end are much on a level. The *vox humana* whinnies over Java and an English parkland, over shell-bursts and apple-blossom, and the screen we are fighting for. Where everything is so warm-hearted and unreal it's a little difficult to choose, but Dr. Gary Cooper says "good gravy," accepts pigs instead of fees and performs miracles of valour, while Irene Dunne is the Lady Miniver we have been waiting for. She is a democratic American, she marries a baronet, and their son, inheriting from both, will face the future with a title and the love of his cottager's daughter. *The White Cliffs of Dover* manages to squeeze in quite a lot of two wars. *Dr. Wassell* is content with one, but scores a point with pretty nurses and the wounded in technicolor. When it comes to the rainbow of tears and laughter, technicolor is best.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

WILL HOLLAND BE LIBERATED?

SIR,—Having read in your issue of August 12th the article "from a correspondent" entitled "Will Holland be Liberated?" I wish to express my view in public upon some of the issues it raises. Unlike your correspondent and those who provided his information, I do not wish to cover myself with safe anonymity. I am ready to show my colours and to introduce myself to your readers.

Since July 12th I have been Minister of Justice in the Netherland Government. Until my departure from Holland in April 1944 I was heart and soul in the Dutch Resistance Movement. I collaborated there with a group which is known as Left Wing, strictly democratic, and even "anti-capitalistic." To reassure your readers even further, let me add that I am neither a manager, nor a director, nor a shareholder in any oil, tin, coffee, tea, sugar, banana, or rubber concern; that between 1940 and 1944 I have spent the whole of my never considerable private means, and that therefore I represent neither "big" nor even "small" business.

Having thus introduced myself, I make the following declarations, which are by no means intended to take up one by one the assertions made in your correspondent's vicious contribution. They merely aim at providing your readers with some further information upon the subject with which he dealt.

You will easily understand that I thought it charming of your correspondent to spend sleepless nights worrying about the question whether Holland will be liberated—but I can affirm that his contribution will hardly assist this liberation. For, to attack in an underhand and unfounded way, and by innuendo, the reputation which the Netherland Government may be enjoying with your readers, cannot possibly be called a useful contribution to the liberation of Holland.

This, then, is what I have to say:

(1) No one has a seat in the Netherland Government as the spokesman of a party or a business. Anyone who has a seat in it is there because, rightly or wrongly, he has been deemed suitable in view of his personal capacities.

(2) If it is a shameful thing ever to have belonged to "big business" and afterwards to become a member of a government, I advise your correspondent to study the personnel of any government, not excluding the British. Not one of them will find favour in his critical eye, for every government counts among its members people who have belonged to "big business."

(3) I challenge your correspondent to provide even a semblance of an argument against my positive assertion that my colleagues Michiels van Verduynen, van Lidth de Jeude, van den Broek, and de Booy, are engaged upon no other task than the totally disinterested service of their country. These four men, upon whom I look as friends, deserve nothing but credit for their devotion to our common cause.

(4) Does your correspondent imagine that, after having risked my earthly existence for a couple of years in the fight against every conceivable form of Fascism, I would have joined a neo-Fascist clique? If he does, he takes me either for an idiot or for a sheep. I assure him I am neither.

(5) While every thinking person realises that some form of military administration will be indispensable after the liberation of Holland, the Netherland Government is endeavouring, to the best of its ability, to give it such a character that it will be as little military as possible. This is why a special regulation has placed this military administration under the civil authority of the Government.

(6) The Netherland Government would be profoundly grateful to your correspondent if he could arrange for a few thousand of my compatriots to arrive in England from occupied Holland, and preferably from the concentration camps. This Government would then have a wider choice for the filling of posts, both in military administration and outside it. The Netherland Government, being unable to do this, has to cut its coat according to its cloth. Nevertheless it remains open to every piece of good advice, even from your correspondent.

(7) Holland *will* be liberated, and this liberation will mean that in my country all the democratic rights of the people, both constitutional and legal, will be restored in their totality. The Netherland Government, branded by your correspondent as a neo-Fascist clique, contains not one single member who sees the matter differently.

(8) The fact that it will not be possible to hold elections immediately after the liberation is not the fault of the Netherland Government, but must be attributed solely to the enemy. It is not the Netherland Government, but the enemy who has massacred thousands, deported hundreds of thousands, and turned the whole national registration into a chaos. If the Netherland Government were finally to conclude that it would be no democratic solution to recall a parliament elected for four years in 1937, and which therefore has no longer a legal existence, this would not provide your correspondent with a semblance of right to dispose of this government as a neo-Fascist clique. Let me assure your readers: immediately after the liberation Holland will be given its town councils, its provincial estates, and a parliament with all the attributes to which constitution and law entitle it.

His Royal Highness Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands has spent the last ten years (!) outside Germany. Therefore for ten full years he has had just as much to do with Hitler and his gang as your correspondent himself; in other words, nothing at all. To the guarded attempts to throw suspicion upon the Prince's character, let me reply that he behaves as a model Netherlander, and displays a personal courage which has acquired for him, in the eyes of all Dutchmen, a standing that is considerably higher than that enjoyed by those who have inspired your correspondent.

(10) To what precedes I merely wish to add that the neo-Fascist clique, to which it is my privilege to belong, intends, immediately after the liberation of our country, to put its portfolio at the disposal of Her Majesty. Surely this will prove that instead of being a neo-Fascist clique, it is the democratically inspired government about which in our own country—as I am able to declare from my own knowledge—very different views are held, even by the active resisters, than those held by your correspondent and his prompters.

G. J. VAN HEUVEN GOEDHART (DR.)
Netherlands Minister of Justice,
Arlington House, London, W.1.

[We are glad to print this personal testimonial from the Dutch Minister of Justice, who is well known as an opponent of Fascism in Holland. That he should be a member of the Government is a point in its favour. But he does not answer any of the important points raised by our correspondent's article. It was not suggested that the nominees of Big Business were individually "bad men," but that they had been appointed in circumstances which did not permit of democratic control, and that in effect the Dutch Government is in the hands of Big Business. Dr. van Heuven Goedhart says nothing, for instance, about the dismissal of Mr. Kerstens, who was unpopular with shipowners, and was replaced as Minister of Shipping by a shipping director. Nor does he say anything about the dismissal of Dr. Wiessing from the *Vrij Nederland*; nor about the position of Mr. Van't Sant, nor indeed about any of the particular instances quoted by our correspondent. He gives a personal reassurance that his Government intends to reintroduce democracy into Holland. That a proposal of a very different kind was put up by an influential group of Dutch officials, that it led to a most serious protest from other Dutchmen and that it was withdrawn, he does not deny; nor does he explain why he thinks a "military administration" indispensable after Holland's liberation. Our correspondent himself said that Prince Bernhard was now regarded as a staunch defender of democracy, and Dr. Goedhart does not refute his statement that he was once a member of a Nazi organisation. In a word, the Dutch Minister of Justice has done what he can for his Government by assuring us that it is not as bad as our correspondent suggests; he gives nothing but his personal assurance to support his contention.—Ed. *N.S. & N.*]

THE FUTURE OF BRITISH FILMS

SIR,—Your well-informed article on "The Fut of British Films" omitted one important fact. only does Mr. Arthur Rank control two big cine circuits and 55 per cent. of the existing studio flo space, but he also controls most of the so-call "independent producers." In the annual report the British Film Producers' Association for the y up to March 31st, 1944, thirteen separate produc companies are listed which are members of t Association. Eight of them are tied up in one way another with Mr. Arthur Rank—most of them being producer members of Independent Produce Ltd., which is controlled by Mr. Rank.

Mr. Rank's dominating position in the cinema tra is, as you wisely point out, making him more depe dent, not less, on the American industry. Not on has he got to buy the best American films to provi programmes for his chains of cinemas, but he h recently made an agreement with Twentieth-Centu Fox to produce a number of films for him—joint in England, and separately in Hollywood. He is al said to be negotiating with United Artists for t production of films in Hollywood to be distribute by the Rank renting organisations.

Mr. Rank's position is really quite simple. Briti film producers cannot provide him with a sufficie volume of films to keep his renting and cinema hous running, so he has to ask Hollywood producers help him out.

The moral of this lamentable story is not to set a Government Film Finance Corporation to financ "independent producers" who cannot get on wi Mr. Rank. Why in Heaven's name should t Treasury hand over the taxpayers' money to enab private film speculators to make a profit for them selves? The use of public funds should be confine to Government film units making documentary a instructional films for the State and training you technicians to be the film makers of the future. W shall need new blood and new ideals to give us som thing worth while for the national screen.

No, the moral of Mr. Rank's monopolistic grow is to divorce cinema control from studio-produc control. If the Board of Trade is really serious wanting to prevent private domination of the Briti film industry, it should begin to unscramble Mr. Rank omelette. One circuit of theatres is sufficient for a private capitalist to control, and no circuit of theatre should be allowed to control studios and producers.

TECHNOCRAT

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—No one seems to have mentioned the grave danger of the Fleming Report. That is the effe on the 25 per cent. who are introduced to the publi schools. They will inevitably be regarded as inte lopers, being in a minority, suitable subjects for th persecution which so often characterises relation between one boy or group of boys and another. The school life will be anything but the happy one it should be, and though some of them will no doub rise above it all to succeed brilliantly, the majorit will be permanently affected, to a greater or small degree, by the oppression both seen and unsee exerted against them by their higher class comrades If we could be certain that the 25 per cent. would no be whittled down, but if possible increased to 40–50 pe cent., then the problem would largely disappear a the "interlopers" would be almost on an equa footing. I myself attended a very ancient foundation originally meant, and for a long time used, for the son of the local gentry, squirearchy, etc., but which gradually became converted to one of our grea public schools in which the Town House numbered a bare 40 out of 600. These 40, mostly advance from the local big secondary school, were definitely made to feel their place and origins and were largely unable to share fully, where it was possible, the lif and comradeship of the school.

The effect of providing the majority with a read object of persecution should not be lost sight of.

A. W. THOMAS
Foxholes School,
Dartington Hall, Totnes.

SIR,—You rightly place first the method of selection of pupils for crossing the bridge. If this is not to be on brains and not on purse or birth, on what basi

should it be? There would be value in stressing Boarding School provision for those who most require it. I would stress including:

(1) Children whose home is at too great a distance from a Day Public School.

(2) Children whose parents are unable to give them a suitable home either through ill-health, mental instability or their employment causing them frequently to change their locality or to make them absent from home.

(3) Orphans or children whose parents are abroad.

There is no provision in the Report, though there is a distinct case for bursaries to Boarding Schools for boys and girls of Post School Certificate standard for 2–3 years taking their Higher School Certificate or preparing themselves for special branches of the Civil Service or such employment as is likely to take them eventually from their home locality. A strictly local education is very disabling for a world calling for wider interests.

118 Bournville Lane, Birmingham, 30. HAROLD WATTS

SIR,—In your article on the Fleming Report you rightly say "This country does need more and better-trained brains." Both the Elementary and Public Schools have failed to cultivate the brain. You are however wrong in implying that we need fewer gentlemen and ladies. We need as many as we can get. The Public Schools have always tried to produce gentlemen, and in view of the fact that the word has come to be a term of abuse it may clarify the issue if we define it afresh. I take Newman's definition as my foundation. It is not an economic or social distinction. Money doesn't make a gentleman, or birth. To be a gentleman is a moral distinction. A gentleman is above all gentle and modest, one who thinks of the well-being of the community before his own, one who does not willingly inflict pain on others, one who prefers accurate speech to inaccurate, exact writing to inexact, and clear thinking to cant. In other words, when I see a man reading THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION I take it that he is a gentleman in the sense that I am trying to make my pupils gentlemen. I have known several shepherds who were gentlemen and far too many barons who were boors. That those who aim at becoming gentlemen should be, as your correspondent suggests, "little" or "disappointed" merely means that we fall short of a high aim which I consider a wiser ideal of education than to achieve a low aim without sweat.

If your main aim is to become rich, don't bother about becoming a gentleman.

Mark off the five-figure wills in the *Times* every day and you will find that not ten per cent. of the fortune-makers were at a Public School.

Read the obituaries of those who have devoted themselves to the service of their fellow-men (I am talking of peace-time of course) and you will find that about ninety per cent. received their lesson in service in a Public School.

That is what the Public Schools are for, not to produce materially successful merchants. That is why we of the Public Schools welcome the recommendations of the Fleming Report. We want to increase the number of gentlemen. But I wish at the same time we could give them better brains.

Oxford S. P. B. MAIS

JAPANESE PRISONERS

SIR,—I was thankful to see the subject of prisoners of Japan raised in your correspondence columns this week, as the scantiness of information about them is most distressing, and an extraordinary apathy about them seems apparent.

Anyone who has lived in a climate such as that of Malaya can fully realise the misery and distress these captives in the tropics must be enduring.

I left Singapore a fortnight before it fell with my two children, one two years old and a baby of two weeks; my husband stayed there, and I heard nothing of him for over twenty months, when I received a postcard of 25 words from him. Since then I have had two more cards (75 words in 2¼ years!) but no official information of any kind, and none of the cards has given any camp address.

My brother was taken prisoner in Java and reported to be in Borneo camp, and from him two cards (one a printed form) have been received.

He had received no letters at all up to December last year, though many have been sent, but a point of interest is that while living in South Africa I was able, through the South African Red Cross, to send in 1942 two personal clothing parcels, both of which were received intact by the addressees.

If this one consignment of parcels was despatched and duly delivered by the Japanese at the other end, surely arrangements could be made to send others.

I should be very glad to be put in touch with any person or body who is working with any real interest for the relief of these prisoners in the Far East.

Noroc, Shelton Road, Shrewsbury SYLVIA SHEPHARD

THE LABOUR PARTY

SIR,—Mr. Gee states: "There is no divorce between Bevin and Morrison or the rest of us, for all are subject to the decisions of the Annual National Conference of the Labour Party. . . ." May I say that there are many who do not believe the decisions made at Labour Party Conferences are made in a democratic manner or that they represent the true voice of Labour.

At last year's Conference an amendment on the "Post-war treatment of enemy peoples," which was contrary to the principles of international socialism, was carried, although the Constituency Party delegates were overwhelmingly opposed to it, but sufficient of the big T.U.'s supported it. We are supposed to consider ourselves bound by such a decision although the trade union membership had not been consulted, and when the Trade Union Congress was held a resolution more in keeping with socialist ideals was passed.

In order that discussion can take place on how to remedy this tragic condition in the Labour Party, Labour Parties are invited to send delegates to a conference of Labour Parties and political sections of Trades Councils to be held in Birmingham on September 9th and 10th. One item will be "Democratic Reform of the Labour Party."

The Conference is being convened by the organisation "Victory for Socialism," and I sincerely hope that the South Kensington Labour Party will decide to send delegates.

Socialist Book Centre, 46 Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2. ERIC MESSER, *Hon. Secretary*

SIR,—Mr. Mitchell ought not to accuse others of "naïvety," for surely nothing could be more pathetically naïve than his own plea for "the formulation of a policy which will embrace all aspects of our national and international life."

There is no such policy and never will be. How can any one single "policy" embrace such things as housing, the treatment of Germany after the war, the structure of Local Government, our relations with the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R., social security, the coal mines, and a multitude of similar problems with which we shall be faced within the next five years? Any document which "embraces" all these matters will, inevitably, be nothing more than a broad general statement of guiding principles, which Mr. Mitchell will promptly criticise for its "disconcerting diffuseness."

The application of first principles to the immense mass of detail involved in each problem that arises can only be achieved by concentrating primarily on that problem. The Beveridge Report is a classic instance of the success of this method of approach. Mr. Mitchell's letter, with its obvious insistence on leaving the job to other people to do, is an equally

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JONATHAN CAPE

outstanding example of the futility of the alternative he seems to suggest.

J. STEWART COOK

Osborne Road, Windsor.

LITHUANIA

SIR,—"A Soviet Lithuanian" asserts that "the Universities were dominated by the extremely chauvinistic 'Young Lithuania' student organisation, openly subsidised from East Prussia." As a former student of the University of Kaunas (graduated in 1939) I should like to point out that out of over 3,000 students at the University of Kaunas the "Young Lithuania" (the right name of which, by the way, is "Neo-Lithuania" or "New Lithuania,") had just about 200 members, and was represented on the general Students' Council, elected on proportional basis, only by two members, out of 17. How then, one may ask, in all fairness can it be said that it dominated the University?

The writer speaks about "handing over to the peasants of the land." There was no need for doing so in 1940 since it was already done in 1922 by an Agrarian Reform which has been recognised as one of the most positive and fair reforms in Europe. The big estates have been broken up into small holdings and distributed to the peasants. Maximum size of a holding was 80 hectares, but the average size was between 40 and 50 hectares—most suitable size for farming purposes under local conditions. What the Soviet regime actually did was to reduce the above maximum down to 30 hectares. But by abolishing private ownership and nationalising all land it deprived the peasants of possessing any land at all, leaving him instead only a right to work it—mostly for the benefit of the State.

"Output of books and newspapers went up tremendously," says the author of the letter. What are the facts? Before the advent of the Soviet regime the annual output of books in Lithuania was about 1,000 new books and about 150 periodicals of various political and literary leanings, a tidy number for such a small country. All this was "nationalised" and further publishing of books and periodicals was strictly limited to the Communist publications.

"No vestige of democracy was left in my country"—complains the author. Regrettable as the 1926 "revolution" might have been the fact remains that several last Lithuanian Cabinets before the Soviet invasion were, in effect, Coalition Cabinets with representatives of the chief opposition parties, and the country was well on the way towards a full-fledged democracy.

JUST LITHUANIAN

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—As a middle-aged member of the community, may I say that the conduct of many individuals in the U.S. Army has caused a number of people of all ranks and ages to feel that something is lacking in their attitude to others?

I do not wish to support the indiscriminate use of corporal punishment, but I am far from convinced that it is always wrong, and I am quite certain that a healthy slap is far sounder psychologically than the mental "nagging" that so frequently replaces it.

As to the idea that our schools are staffed by individuals who administer corporal punishment on the slightest pretext, it seems too ludicrous to be taken seriously.

Holyrood, F. F. BOWYER

Lansdowne Road, Belfast.

MAINTENANCE ORDERS

SIR,—Your correspondent in the issue of Aug. 12th "A Solicitor in H.M. Forces," is correct in saying that orders under the Summary Jurisdiction (Separation and Maintenance) Acts have maxima of £2 for wife and 10*s.* for a child. But he is wrong over bastardy, where the maximum is £1 a week. It is also £1 a week under Guardianship of Infants Acts. I hope he does not tell soldiers that they cannot be let in for more than 10*s.* a week if they have bad luck, for magistrates often make bastardy orders for 12*s.* 6*d.* and sometimes more.

Cambridge. R. M. JACKSON

HOW THE BLIND KNOW

SIR,—"Critic" (in your issue of April 22nd) asks why (trained) blind people avoid knocking into walls or posts. I have a cousin in Glasgow who lost both eyes when he was six or seven years old and he was afterwards trained at the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Norwood. When I was home in 1920 I found he was living at Cambuslang, five or six miles from Glasgow, on the main line to London. On that busy line he could go by himself into Glasgow, do business there and come home again without any help. He could also go to Cathcart three or four miles away by country lanes and I heard of him being sent to show a New Zealander the sights of Glasgow. I once asked him how he did it and he told me it was by listening to his own footfalls. He could tell a lamp post from a telegraph pole and a wall with doors and windows in it from an unbroken wall. In a fog the sounds were different and he wasn't safe. In soft snow he could do nothing and had to stay at home. Since then I have tried it myself and it works. I turned out all the lights and slowly walked along my own lobby in absolute darkness. When I came abreast of an open door there was a decided difference. You know that when you hold a shell to your ear you hear something; I wouldn't like to have to decide what it is or what causes it. When I came abreast of an open door I heard a faint murmur similar to the murmur of a shell but very, very faint. It was not caused by my feet for I was standing still. You say "This seems to me a fascinating subject for research." I have no doubt you will find the footfalls supply most of the guidance, but if you get a really sensitive and well-trained blind person, make him stand still and tell you what he can hear then, and what knowledge remains to him of the things round him.

180 Ballance Street, THOS. TODD

Gisborne, N.Z.

PURPLE LOOSE-STRIFE

SIR,—Mr. Ralph Tubbs, in his article on Planning the New City of London, twice refers to the fact that purple loose-strife is blooming with evening primroses in the City wastes. I have not visited London this summer, but feel sure that he has mistaken the rosebay or French willow herb for purple loose-strife. The latter always grows in wet places such as the banks of rivers, and may well be the long purples of Ophelia's brook, "that liberal shepherds give a grosser name." Rosebay was described by Johns as "rare, except as an escape," but it has increased so rapidly during the last 40 years that it has become a menace and its tall spikes of red and purple flowers, succeeded by untidy masses of cotton-wool seeds, may be found on every waste plot of ground from factory yard to mountain scree.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE Master of Trinity remains the latest, though I hope he will not be the last, of the great Whig historians. His style with its even polish is as far removed from the Brazilian diamonds of a Guedalla and a Van Loon as from the rude flints of a Tout and an Oman. And this urbanity of manner reflects the principles of the author. "Disinterested intellectual curiosity is the life-blood of the real civilisation," he declares on the preface to his new great work*, which is itself a noble monument of such curiosity.

English Social History contains no references to unpublished material, and a priggery fashionable in what may be called the academic underworld may therefore refuse to it the title of history. Even so the worthy miner of cobalt or tapper of gamboge may claim that he and his fellow emmets deserve the credit unjustly enjoyed by the great colourists like Constable and Turner. I am not denigrating the value of research. The book under review is dedicated to the memory of Eileen Power, an historian notable for her explorations, and it draws much material from the erudition of such experts as Sir John Clapham, Mr. J. Saltmarsh, Mr. Notestein, Mr. Gilbert Slater, Dr. Ivy Pinchbeck, Miss B. Jones and Miss Scott Thomson. But the notion that history is only a science (and that as such it must be addressed only to historians) is no less absurd than the notion that it is only an art. Let me again quote the preface:

> Truth is the criterion of historical study; but its impelling motive is poetic. Its poetry consists in its being true. There we find the synthesis of the scientific and literary views of history.

The Master of Trinity has taken for his subject the social history of England from the time of Chaucer to the death of Queen Victoria; and social history, he says, might be defined as the history of a people with the politics left out. In fact such history must assume that the reader already knows the political history in outline; it complements, without pretending to replace, the older histories in which disproportionate space was given to constitutions and treaties. Macaulay was the first historian to grasp the importance of social history, and his great-nephew is only continuing a family tradition when he declares, "Without social history, economic history is barren and political history is unintelligible."

The general reader will enjoy in this book an account of the daily life of his ancestors, generation by generation, presented in a series of tableaux. Their houses, their clothes, their food and drink, their incomes, their agricultural and industrial habits, their recreation, their credulities, their angers and their benevolences—never before has a panorama been painted at once so vast and so detailed. The reviewer is left applausive but breathless: he may hope to indicate the superlative interest of the book by a few quotations, but how can he illustrate the excellence of the composition as a whole? To appreciate the design we must read each chapter consecutively, watching age merge into age with that gradualness which is the peculiar expression of the English temperament. But some black sheep among readers will, I fancy, be allured to browse at random. For wherever the book is opened you come upon some curious fact or lively comment. The Crimean War revived the fashion not only of beards but of smoking. The Fire of London was not responsible for the disappearance of the plague, since it never reached the slums that had been the chief seat of infection: the chief cause of improvement was the extirpation of the black rat by the less plaguy brown rat. During the two decades following the repeal of the Corn Laws the area of arable land increased, and Matthew Arnold refers to this in *Thyrsis* when he bemoans the destruction of wild flowers around Oxford—

> "Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's team."

The growth of English naval power in the sixteenth century was largely due to an increase in deep sea fishing, and this in turn was due to a mass immigration of herring from the Baltic to the North Sea. The word "navvy" is short for navigator and records the employment of the unskilled labourer in building canals. When William of Orange occupied Exeter after his landing at Torbay, the capital of the West was unable to provide a single printer or machine to strike off copies of his manifesto. Guy's, Westminster, St. George's, London and Middlesex Hospitals were all founded between 1720 and 1745. Grammar schools were not the result of the Reformation, they were its cause; and the Edward VI Grammar Schools are simply those old establishments which his counsellors refrained from destroying and to which his name was sycophantically appended. This history is packed with such facts, unfamiliar to the general reader (if I dare to gauge his ignorance by my own). And since they are easily remembered as well as illuminating, the book must prove wonderfully useful to the intelligent schoolboy and undergraduate.

The Master of Trinity is not so unsophisticated as to accept the exclusively economic interpretation of history. He knows how generally other motives besides pursuit of money direct human behaviour. Thus after pointing out the dangers of the apprenticeship system, with no inspectors or other checks on ill-usage, he adds: "The apprentice was part of his master's 'family,' and the average man does not like to see unhappy faces at his own board and in his own household." At the same time he continually emphasises the influence of economic changes upon politics and society. The rise of prices in the sixteenth century was one of the causes alike of the Reformation and of the suffering that accompanied the Reformation; and here is a note on the causes of this rise:

> There were three stages of the price-rise under the Tudors: (1) 1510–1540. Owing to production of silver in Germany, and the dispersal of Henry VII's hoarded treasure by Henry VIII, prices of foodstuffs go up 30 per cent. Other prices rise less. (2) 1541–1561. Owing to Henry VIII's debasement of the coin (and a little later to American silver mines beginning to take effect) prices of all kinds rush up about 100 per cent. more. (3) 1561–1582. Owing to Mary's better finance and Elizabeth's recoinage, prices are stabilised, and rise more slowly. Then in early Stuart times American silver mines again raise prices to peak 1643–1652; after that prices fall.

Again we are shown the suffering caused in the eighteenth century in some parts of the country by "a time-gap between the timber age and the coal age": the forests had been used up for industrial purposes; there were not the good roads or rivers or canals or railways to bring coal; and the poor had to live in unheated cottages on a diet of bread and cheese for lack of fuel to cook with. But the due emphasis given to such facts goes along with an insistence upon non-economic influences. "The stage of economic and social development which had been reached in the England of 1640 was not the cause, but it was a necessary condition, of the political and religious movements that burst forth into sudden blaze."

This history will be equally unpalatable to the bigots of Marxism and of neo-Catholicism. The account of the Middle Ages and the Reformation does not confirm the pictures painted by Mr. Belloc and his followers, but then it is based upon the painstaking research of professional historians. No credit is given to the legend that the monks were particularly easy landlords, and "monastic charity did nearly as much to increase beggars as to relieve them." It is not that the author is anti-Catholic, but that he discovers in Catholics and Protestant's similar virtues and defects.

> If we seek the origins of some of the distinctive traits of English Puritanism, of its asceticism, its war on sin, its sabbatarian rigour, its fear of hell, its attack on Bishops and wealthy clergy, its crude denunciation of opponents, its vigorous and soul-stirring sermons, its tendency to unctuous sentiment, its lapses into hypocrisy, its equalitarian appeal to the poor and lowly, they are all to be found in the medieval Church, and particularly in the work of the friars.

Again, while proper attention is given to the association of capitalism with Protestantism, no support is given to the thesis that the poor were better off in countries where the counter-Reformation succeeded. "The worst horrors of failure, of unemployment and of unprovided old age were not suffered by the poor in England to the same extent as in the Continental countries of the *ancien régime*."

But it is not chiefly because of such judgments that I have called this history Whiggish. They are only clear deductions from facts that the informed historian must accept. No, the Whiggishness results from the author's belief in the liberal values of humanism and his disbelief in the intuitions of the uneducated. Without sharing Macaulay's implicit faith in the inevitability of human progress, his great-nephew reveals himself a XIXth century man inheriting XVIIIth century traditions. The world, he declares, is not likely to see again so fine and broad a culture as the Victorian for many centuries to come. Though most of us who were born in the XIXth century are likely to share this opinion, it will not commend itself to many of our more intelligent juniors. It seems certain that culture is suffering a transformation that we deplore. The common man—to whom, it has been declared, this century belongs—shows little sign of developing that sense of quality on which culture as we understand the term is essentially dependent. Mass-production, whether of motor-cars or bombers, seems to us to bring unhappiness to the men who make such contrivances as well as to the men whom these maim or destroy. And as the artful selection of detailed facts in *English Social History* passes before our eyes, we cannot help wondering how our ancestors compare with ourselves in happiness—and, since this quality is incomputable, we are likely to wonder in vain.

During the last hundred years architecture—the most social of the arts—has shed all its beauty, and literature almost all its joy. Whether our condition is judged by the exquisite lamentation of Mr. Eliot or by the necropolitan architecture of the Odeon, posterity will reckon us least happy of all generations of Englishmen. And posterity will, I suspect, be wrong. The ugliness of current houses and furniture causes far more misery than is realised, I believe; and the purchasing power of wages, as the Master of Trinity justly observes, is not the whole of human happiness. But inability to purchase necessities has made the larger part of human misery, and if Chaucer possessed a blitheness that no living writer could attain, it was because he accepted as inevitable sufferings that we know to be now curable. We have less actually to endure, but the consciousness of the gap between what is made of the human condition and what could be made of it inflicts upon us a more devouring and articulate discontent.

The reviewer is expected to show that on some insignificant point he knows better than the most learned of authors, nor will his praise be readily accepted if entirely unseasoned. So I must venture three questions. Where did Voltaire make the remark here attributed to him that the English have a hundred religions and only one sauce? Did not the plot of *The Country Wife* appeal to an English audience quite recently? And is it good usage to give to "protagonist" the meaning of "champion"? A better informed reviewer would doubtless be able in a work containing such thousands of facts to find other questionable statements. But he is unlikely, I think, to disagree with my opinion that this is a new standard work and one of the most enthralling books written in our time.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

**English Social History.* By G. M. Trevelyan, O.M. Longmans, Green. 21s.

THE INDIGNANT PARENT

A Letter to My Son. By SIR OSBERT SITWELL. *Home and Van Thal.* 3s. 6d.

If it does nothing else, parenthood gives a man the irresistible chance of bequeathing his indignations to his son. They, at least, are not taxable. It is true that these legacies are commonly more appreciated by the next generation but one; but to tell a son what he should be angry about, where his blood should warm and where it should boil and where it should ease off to a natural simmer, is one of the major pleasures of life. When the thing is done with style, when the father recognises that it is the duty of Jehovah to be a dazzling spectacle as well as a righteous noise, there is a good chance that he will not have to wait for grandchildren before he gets his audience.

Sir Osbert Sitwell does this lordly rampage perfectly. He comes on with pomp and polish, he snubs, withers and obliterates; and his laughter sweeps up the remains and exhibits them with the delight of one who hates in earnest. His new book is the excellent outburst of one who grew up in the last war to a son growing up in the present. It is a warning against hysteria. Its ruling idea is expressed in a story about Chehov: "When a silly woman once asked Chehov, apropos of some contemporary fracas, "How do *you* think the War will end?" he replied, after some thought, "In peace, I should say."

Presently, all sorts of inflated importances will be deflated and Sir Osbert Sitwell's son, who is a writer, will find himself facing the old hostility to artists of all kinds in England, and with one or two refinements added.

The point to be remembered is that England—or perhaps one should say, Britannia—has always hated artists. The ridicule of writers like Sir Osbert Sitwell silenced these critics for many years after the last war, but the Britannic mood returned—and, worst of all, in addled form—at the outbreak of national remorse in 1940. Britannia became lugubrious. The morbidity of Lord Elton's attack on the Twenties and Thirties in his book *St. George and The Dragon* was a new germ of the old moral "flu"; and this time it was full of "a line of argument usually associated with those who denounced and overthrew the Weimar Republic." But Sir Osbert ought to be quoted at length. He says what needs to be said now the Dunkirk hysteria has died down:

> Who, you ask, is this god descended to enlighten us? . . . He is the crocodile-bird of Ramsay MacDonald; his biographer and I believe, his friend. Surely he could have spoken a whisper, or hissed a suspicion, into that statesman's ear, in those times when we were going "up and up and up," and our Navy, for example, was going "down and down and down"? Lord Elton, in Who's Who, proclaims that he was expelled from the Labour Party for supporting Ramsay MacDonald: Why, in this book, does he denounce so many pacifists, and never MacDonald, chief of them in the last war? We turn over the pages in vain. . . . No, it is the poets and the painters and the sculptors who are to blame. They *made* the war in 1914; just as the English Catholics were responsible for the Armada, the Spanish Jews for the ills of Spain under the sixteenth century kings, and American negroes for all crimes of violence in their continent. James Joyce, Huxley, Cole and others (including Gertrude Stein who is not even an Englishwoman), were responsible for all the mistakes of the last twenty years, for the inadequacy of the Army, the fact that no British generals had been afforded an opportunity of training their men under modern conditions, and the terrible mass unemployment. Not for a moment were the vapid and unimaginative public, drugged regularly by cinema organists and their like, the incurious bourgeoisie, the herds of little men, now promoted, in view of a death to come, to the status of gods, not for a moment were these, though equipped with the vote, to be held responsible for any calamity that ensued. No, it is always the painters and writers. In fact, in the words of Nashe's *Lenten Stuffe* " . . no more winde will I spend on it but this; Saint Denis for Fraunce, Saint James for Spaine, Saint Patrike for Ireland, Saint George for England and the red Herring for Yarmouth."

And who are the new enemies of the writer? His chief enemies are going to be destroyers of idleness; he will be struggling against a huge wave of "over-employment."

> The embryonic writer of after-the-war will have, not only the schoolmaster and the captain of the games, as you say, for his two enemies, but the drill-sergeant, the gym-instructor, the leader of the fire squad, the Civil Defence Expert, the Inspirer of the Youth Movement, and afterwards, when he grows up, the official of the Labour Exchange and the shop-steward, as well as the politician and the critic. Such an existence is death to the artist; because, to be able to work at his best, it is necessary for him to have an endless vista of hours and days, within the space of which he can write or paint without any interruption except those which are casual or that he makes for himself. But the modern development of "healthy citizenship" as it is called, under which every man is obliged to take a hand to repel the attacks from land, sea and air brought upon him by his incompetence as a voter, sterilises all talent. To be able to exist, you will have to give up twenty-two hours out of twenty-four. Men are no longer wanted, but only numbers; a man to-day—and if you are not careful, to-morrow as well—is only valuable to the extent that he can supply man-hours—or ant-hours—of labour to the politicians, and at the end a death with which to crown their policy.

And so the B.B.C. will sterilise the Shelleys, the M.O.I. will reform the Byrons, conscription will clip the wings of the poets' first flights. The great public of the ant-hill state will be bribed by security and kept united, as Hitler united Germany, by xenophobia. The artist will be the Ishmael; and his enemies will be led by those old grotesques of the Sitwell hagiography: the politicians, the foxhunters, professional football players, the dons, the civil servants, the leaders of Youth Clubs, etc., etc.

Now I don't believe all this is true for one moment; but I believe it is necessary for artists to think it is true. For artists need to feel free of the pressure of society. They have, somehow or other, to find islands or frontiers to live on, not to find isolation but in order to see or feel what is going on. Saying what Sir Osbert says is also one of the ways of getting attention. It's the old method of increasing the congregation by accusing everyone right and left of sin.

Nor do I think we are heading for the ant-hill. Sir Osbert, like many of us who look forward with dread to the planners' plans and regulations, forgets that for most people life has always been regulated and in the most frustrating and distressing way for generations. The foulness of much journalism, many films and popular "culture" generally, is due to a highly systematised, unfree and regulated scheme of life which has perverted not only the public talent and taste, but the talent of gifted individuals who could buy no freedom or leisure from the system. It is the people in the ant-hill who will read Sir Osbert and admire him: they will understand his passion. And if all the awful groups with awful names are diligently ruining the public taste, why don't the artists and writers take the job out of their hands and address them directly? The great public is always half-bored by its own morality and by its own pious ignorance. It is bored by propaganda. One may doubt whether the wit, the scathing satire, the sense and the passion or even the lovely follies of Sir Osbert's letter, will be lost on the wider audience which knows nothing about Art with a capital A, but which still has a fantastic genius and responds to a character, a rebellion and a zest.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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10 GREAT TURNSTILE LONDON W.C.

NEW NOVELS

Mrs. Loveday. By ROBERT GOODYEAR. *Gollancz* 8s. 6d.
Young Tom. By FORREST REID. *Faber.* 7s. 6d
The Stuff to Give the Troops. By MACLAREN ROSS. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

There are signs that the more thoughtful of our contemporary novelists are at last beginning to abandon the maniacal search for novelty of plot. I doubt whether any single trend could open up brighter vistas for the future of the English novel. It is no caricature to say that novelty has been sought for in the love of a blind Brahmin for a Scotch countess in Tierra del Fuego. Nor is that necessarily an unsatisfactory theme. The error lies in imagining that the mere oddity and improbability will provide novelty: novelty, an essential quality, can come only from a fine freshness of vision, wherever directed. Among other merits the sonnet has been recommended for the strict discipline which it imposes on a poet's expression. It would be no bad thing if novelists submitted for a time to the discipline of certain, say, eight or ten, archetypal themes. Adolphe, Bovary, Dominique, Goriot, Jude, Oblomov . . . the choice is unimportant, since disagreement on categorisation must be largely titular. It will surely be agreed that there are archetypal themes—at their greatest, Œdipus, Faust and Hamlet—and that these themes show no sign of exhaustion. Indeed, the very concept of exhaustion is absurd: they are the substance of eternal human situations. In this century Proust has been the great master of the particular, the ephemeral and the grotesque; Joyce (I can speak only of *Ulysses* and before) of the universal and eternal. *Ulysses* is primarily a book about a mother, a father and a son; *A la recherche du temps perdu* is primarily a book about pathological jealousy, sexual abnormality and the Faubourg St. Germain between the years 1890 and 1918. *Primarily* is, of course, an important qualification. In Proust's study of love and social ambition there is much that is universal and external: in Joyce's psychological detail and doctrinaire oddities of thought there is much that is particular and transitory. The question is not of the rival merits of these two great writers, but of which has provided the more fruitful example. My own belief is that *Ulysses* is in the great and living tradition, while Proust was a brilliant and inimitable aberration from it.

No reviewer could—so far as I have seen no reviewer has—been able to avoid mentioning *Madame Bovary* in reference to *Mrs. Loveday*. Nor can one doubt that Mr. Goodyear has been thoroughly well aware that his theme is no new one. Mrs. Loveday is a lower middle-class woman living in a country town near London. At eighteen she had been seduced by the squire's son and left with child by him (all this in full accordance with a somewhat different tradition, ennobled, perhaps, by *Adam Bede*). Respectably married to a dull but decent commercial traveller, protected and governed by an interfering but kind-hearted sister, she hungers for love and youth and romance. At appalling cost, and not unconscious that it must be paid, she achieves a short-lived shadow of her ambition, and is left an emotional ruin and a semi-imbecile. But the book is far from being a mere abridged and transplanted version of Flaubert's inimitable novel. Nor does it suggest by its theme an unkind comparison. The theme, which is surely an eternal one, can be treated immensely or slightly, and the immensity of *Bovary* is no comment on the slightness of *Mrs. Loveday*. The question is not to discover where Mr. Goodyear has made an advance on Flaubert—he has made none—but to observe with sympathetic attention his own interpretation of the same primary material.

At the outset it is clear that Emma Bovary and Clare Loveday are in many ways extremely dissimilar. Where Madame Bovary is vigorous, active and determined, Mrs. Loveday is timid, inane and almost passive. Madame Bovary makes plans, and her ambition is primarily social; Mrs. Loveday drifts like a moth towards the lamp, not

of social elevation, but of romantic love. For her, to be a lady is simply an attribute of highly coloured romance, while for Emma love is also a ladder to grandeur. But both are women who seek to transcend their environment and who are ruthlessly destroyed in the struggle.

Clare's love affair with her daughter's young man is very finely described. As in many admirable passages of fiction, there is no startling statement, no paradoxical reflection, no moment of uncanny insight. Yet this is far from saying that the book is imitative or conventional: it is simply true. Gide is a writer who constantly evokes the exclamation: "Good heavens, *can* it be so," often followed by acceptance. This is a higher intellectual achievement than Mr. Goodyear's, to whom we respond with a "Yes, yes, indeed, yes, that is how it is." But such a response is no common one in contemporary fiction, and it would be a great error to suppose that our recognition implies our equal faculty for exposition.

The over-elaborate descriptive settings are a minor technical weakness. Event follows description and description follows event: they are not well co-ordinated. But I must, in conclusion, pay a tribute to Mr. Goodyear's descriptive ability in the passages of pure lust: a treacherous sea most surely navigated.

Seeing the name Forrest Reid I remembered and reread Mr. Forster's note on this novelist in *Abinger Harvest*, and any interested reader would be well advised to do the same. I have read none of Forrest Reid's previous books, but my impression from reading Forster is that *Young Tom* will not prove to be one of this writer's major achievements. Forster speaks of him almost as a minor Alain-Fournier—and that aspiration is evident in this book. It is certainly true that fact and dream are constantly mingling, but I am not convinced that the dream element is quite happily grafted on the dominant realism. In her admirable criticism of *Le Grand Meaulnes* last week Miss Hilde Spiel writes of how, in that most marvellous short novel of the century, ". . . the incalculable begins to intrude. Imperceptibly reality is left behind." Such a transition has not been achieved in *Young Tom*. The ghost and the speaking animals do not shock by the suddenness of their intrusion, yet nor do they seem inevitable. There is something a little too deliberate about their introduction—almost they seem to be the signature tune of this able writer. But when this has been said the book may be warmly recommended for its truthful and sympathetic portrait of a very delightful small boy. Tom is a minor Saint Francis, but quite innocent of any sanctimonious odour. To write warmly about animals and small boys is a tight-rope feat—but Mr. Forrest Reid achieves it with the assurance of his quite sufficiently astringent sympathy. He neither falls nor even sways vertiginously over the abyss. It is a notable achievement, and this amiable, quietly written book should please a large and kindly public.

As a somewhat disgruntled premature ex-Serviceman I must admit to a strong prejudice in favour of Mr. Maclaren's Ross's caustic attitude to the Army. Since the war there has been a natural tendency to illuminate only the more pleasing side of Army life, and a recent film has purveyed the simple message that the Army converts unsatisfactory civilians into delightful soldiers. We have tended to forget that Army life is a deplorable and savage necessity, not a physical and spiritual cure for civilian ills. Discarding my prejudice as best I can it still seems to me that Mr. Maclaren Ross has given not only the funniest but, imaginatively, the truest account I have yet read of Army life in this country. As a humourist I would rate him very high indeed, and it is long since I have read anything funnier than, for example, *Ack Beer Charlie Don*, *The Mine*, or *Through the Usual Channels*. It is a rich and subtle humour to distort the possible by a hair's breadth, to colour real events by that faintest exaggeration which converts the merely tiresome into the uproariously farcical. Of all methods this would seem the best for dealing humorously with the Army, and Mr. Maclaren Ross uses it deliciously. Red tape is seldom funny in experience, yet how close to experience is a story like *Through the Usual Channels*, and how exceedingly funny. I am inclined to think that this writer is less happy in his more serious vein, although one story, and the reader may select it if he wishes, suggests an awareness of the deeper emotional effects of the regimented life. These stories are written in an easy, racy style, colloquial and effective; sometimes, and successfully, in the private soldier's vernacular. They give reason to hope that Maclaren Ross may prove the considerable satirist of whom we are in such evident need.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

PIPELINE

Pipeline to Battle. By PETER W. RAINIER. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Have you time for a yarn at the club about the desert battles? Sit down and listen to Major Rainier telling his story of how he kept our desert armies supplied with water. Living in Egypt, over fifty and a veteran of the last war, he pushed his way into the Royal Engineers after Dunkirk relying on the experience he had gained in civil engineering and in knocking about the world to help him in his struggles against officialdom. After a short time spent working the railway to Matruh, he was given the job of laying the water pipe-line and building pumping stations to supply Wavell's army. This was his job throughout the fluctuating battles of the next two years, until he joined Montgomery's Eighth Army and marched with them from Alamein to Tunisia.

Although he naturally gives an account of the whole campaign, his book is not, he stresses, a history of those times, for he was never in possession of any official statistics. He sometimes feels bound, however, to give estimates of the strengths of the opposing armies in men, tanks and guns. These are always very inaccurate. Nor are his explanations of defeat or victory in the desert engagements particularly illuminating, or in accordance with fact. Nevertheless, I think the book is interesting and worth reading as the story of a campaign seen and written by a Denisov, a practical soldier recording his impressions of the battles, confused and inaccurate though they be. Like Tolstoy's Denisov, he hates red-tape, the staff officer at his desk, the quartermaster hoarding his stores, the mentality of the Base. His sound sense, loyalty and devotion to his job and his army makes one forget that his style is often reminiscent of Sapper. He is a man who does things and lets others argue the reasons why. He can break a Bedouin strike, ambush saboteurs and construct a latrine to suit the peculiar propensities of both Christians and Mohammedans. He is a valuable *punctum indifferens*, who tells one what the average desert officer felt during those years. The excitement of seeing the first Hurricane, the first Matilda and medium tanks and the long-awaited equipment in the autumn of 1940; the bewildered frustration after the defeat of Knightsbridge; the admiration of Churchill, the contempt for the Egyptians and the inspiration of Montgomery's leadership. He also records many interesting and curious facts of war; the extraordinary sensitiveness to different kinds of sound, which a soldier develops; the difference in smell between a decaying Italian and German corpse. Lest anyone think, moreover, of the Eighth Army motoring unconcernedly in pursuit of Rommel, he tells how every mile of the two thousand mile road was mined, the remaining buildings booby-trapped, so that the

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strain of driving was appalling. And then Major Rainier tells us, sometimes undesignedly, a good deal about himself. He hasn't got much use for people until he knows them: then he delights in seeing their good points. As an Englishman he is at his best with his back to the wall and achieving the super-human. After the retreat to Alamein he accomplished a sapper *tour de force* which gave him particular pleasure: he laid on running water to the front line of machine gunners. The Australians were delighted: but, they began to ask, where was the whiskey pipe-line? Then, for the first time, Major Rainier admitted defeat.

NOEL ANNAN

WORDSWORTH

Wordsworth: A Study. By J. C. SMITH. *Oliver & Boyd.* 5s.

In one of his discursions, Hazlitt said that Coleridge lamented to him about Wordsworth that:

> There was a something corporeal, a matter-of-factness, a clinging to the palpable, or often to the petty, in his poetry. His genius was not a spirit that descended to him through the air; it sprung out of the ground like a flower, or unfolded itself from a green spray, on which the goldfinch sang. He said, however (if I remember right), that this objection must be confined to his descriptive pieces, that his philosophic poetry had a grand and comprehensive spirit in it, so that his soul seemed to inhabit the universe like a palace, and to discover truth by intuition, rather than by deduction.

Coleridge also wrote:

> Had Mr. Wordsworth's poems been the silly, the childish, things which they were for a long time described as being; had they been distinguished from the compositions of other poets merely by meanness of language and inanity of thought; had they indeed contained nothing more than what is found in the parodies and pretended imitations of them; they must have sunk at once, a dead weight, into the slough of oblivion. But year after year increased the number of Mr. Wordsworth's admirers.

Those two passages seem to me to cover the whole problem of Wordsworth's character and work. The subsequent history of his influence on English thought and letters has run along those lines, and critics have had only to collect fresh evidence to support, and new theories to embellish, these fundamental observations.

In spite of the diplomacy of time, extremists still occur. I recollect spending an official morning in a Whitehall office with the late John Hilton (then my colleague) while he fulminated against the monstrous humbug of the Wordsworth cult. He denied that Wordsworth was a poet at all. I refrained from borrowing the candlestick which Charles Lamb snatched up to examine a certain gentleman's bumps. I recollect also that the poet W. H. Davies had a secret method by which he discovered "whether a man really knew what poetry was." That method was to enquire if the candidate had read *The Prelude*! If not, then the person was instantly black-balled.

I happen to have read Mr. Smith's essay almost simultaneously with another essay (in manuscript which will surely be published soon) by Mr. H. C. Duffin, and I have been impressed by the complementary nature of the two excellent pieces of work. Excellent, because they both have that right Wordsworthian matter-of-factness without which no mood of ecstasy can be authoritative. While Mr. Duffin has specialised in exploring Wordsworth's particular genius for happiness, Mr. Smith has taken a walk all round the mountain, and examined the bare rocks and patches of miserable scree. He is concrete and lucid in expressing what he has found. And what he has found has been solid rather than metaphysical. Thus, in the discovery that Wordsworth was deficient in the sense of smell, he says, before tracing the effects of this on the poetry, that "for olfactory purposes that haughty nose of his was a barren promontory," a phrase which recalls to my mind that remarkable poem-portrait of Wordsworth by Sidney Keyes, the young poet killed recently in Tunisia. It contains the phrase "He was a stormy day, a granite peak spearing the sky."

That granite peak, that bony promontory, are symbols that emerge more and more impressively the more one walks about under the shadow of this great personality. Mr. Smith sees that, and his critical study pronounces upon it with such distinction that his whole argument takes a shape about it, firm and finely felt, possessing therefore a substantiality more convincing than transcendental gropings.

He is therefore memorable. I shall not forget such statements as this: "his senses, like his mind, craved objects that endure"; or this: "Imagination without vision is Fancy"; or this: "poets are distinguished from other men not more by their greater 'organic sensibility' than by the greater richness and associative power of their subconscious memories."

Throughout his essay, Mr. Smith maintains admirably this sense of tangibility in his criticism. It is a quality of character, somewhat difficult to define. I may do so by an example of his method of approach to the question of Wordsworth's artistry. He maintains that Wordsworth's diction had little beauty of sound as, for example, may be found in such a line as Shakespeare's "Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang." He points out that:

> Had Wordsworth's feeling for the sound of words been as delicate as his feeling for their sense, he might have done for the metres of English poetry what he did for its diction, and freshened their jaded rhythms with new cadences caught from the living voice. As it was, his metrical innovations were few and unsuccessful; for the most part he stuck to accepted measures, and moved most easily when he moved in the strictest bonds, in the sonnet's narrow room or the firm frame of the regular ode.

This æsthetic process was the reflection, argues Mr. Smith, of the poet's preoccupation with what might be called moral purpose and responsibility, stated through an optimism instinctive rather than thought out.

> We are told that Wordsworth learned his optimism from Hartley. Wordsworth's optimism rested on his faith in the soul's divine destiny and its power to transmute suffering; Hartley's on the simple reckoning that our sensible pleasures are far more numerous than our sensible pains. In short, all that is most distinctive in Wordsworth's thought is foreign to Hartley, and when it is fathered on Hartley his loftiest paradoxes are turned into platitudes.

Mr. Smith concludes that "for him Nature has life and joy in herself; she is a manifestation, if a lower manifestation, of that same 'active principle' which has its noblest seat in the mind of man. In communicating with her he communicates with it; and thus the senses, through which he communicates with Nature, feed his soul, being (in Blake's phrase) the chief inlets of the soul in this age."

Yes, Wordsworth was particular, precise, through moral effort, rather than subtle and exquisite. Mr. Smith furthers this exploration, and while doing so finds out what a special and large part dreams played in Wordsworth's life and poetry, and how *vision* was the dominant in both; visionary power developed by an intense conscious effort within a field of silence, that condition more "highly favourable" to Wordsworth's creative genius than any other. Mr. Smith has an almost conjurative effect, making us see the poet self-wrestling amid "that silence that

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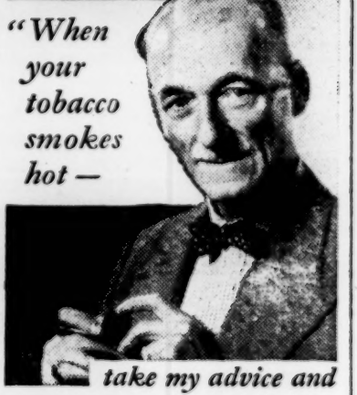

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is in the starry sky," until, as young Sidney Keyes said :

"Words flower like crocuses in the hanging woods,
Blank through the dalehead and the bony face."

RICHARD CHURCH

Week-end Competition

No. 759

Set by M. Van Moppès

Competitors are asked to write in 200 words an English editor's foreword to the first English edition of Hitler's Memoirs eighteen months after the war. Entries should be received not later than Monday, August 28th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 756

Set by W. R.

Escapists are invited to write 20 lines of verse explaining when and where they would like to have been born, and the reasons for their choice.

Report by W. R.

A surprisingly high proportion of entrants plumped either for the future or the prehistoric past. The competition was popular, the standard very high, and at least a dozen entries deserve printing. After much consideration I have been sadly obliged to discard Willy Tadpole, Reginald Reynolds, L. E. G., E. W Fordham, John Mowat, Sean Howard, Sir Robert Witt, Len, J. F. Kermode, William Bliss, R. S.. Jaffray, Allen M. Laing, Lt. Gragge and Little Billee. That leaves me with five among whom to divide the prize—L. E. J., R. J. P. Hewison, I. C. Saul, Constance Sewell and Reginald Gray.

To——

To mock the Persian on the seas,
To win the four-horsed chariot race,
Or, sun-drenched in the market-place,
To stand and cheer for Pericles ;

Or in some little mountain town
To sup with publicans, and greet
That Magdalene who tumbled down
Her hair to wipe the Master's feet ;

Or, cup at call and book in hand,
To taste, in my Ligurian home,
The ripeness of autumnal Rome
Who wrapped her peace about the land ;
Were these not happier fates for me
Than twice within my single span
The dark Teutonic fury see
Bring shame upon the name of Man ?

Ah no ! 'Tis only now and here
That I could think some touch of heaven
Is found on earth, since you, my dear,
Were born in eighteen-eighty-seven !

L. E. J.

PIPE DREAM

"Caelum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt."—Horace, Epistles 1, 2.

"Go, speed across the sea—you'll find"
(Sang Horace, and his song is true)
A different sky, the self-same mind
Wise man . . . he knew.

And yet, and yet—on wayward wings
Fond Fancy flies through Space and Time ;
Seeks, haven from harsh martial things,
A softer clime :

Seeks brooding, immemorial calm,
That languorous, legendary land
Where yellow Lotos blows and palm—
Whose magic stand

Welcomed Odysseus long ago :
A Lotos-eater I would be,
Dreaming to music of that slow,
Enchanted sea. . . .

"Vain thoughts" you say ? The Poet's word
I doubt not—wise men can't be wrong.
But then—in Rome they never heard
The sirens' song. . . .

I. C. SAUL

Let *Speculation* ev'ry Age review,
Revers'd *Metempsychosis* is the Cue.
Athens of *Pericles*, *Augustan Rome*,
China, *Peru*—where finds my Spirit home ?
Fade, high Antiquity, exotic Scene,
Me *London* pleases, Anno 17—
"A brutal Period"—is our own so civil ?
"Licentious, too"—still walks, I think, the Devil.
Well match'd in Evil, for the rest to this
My chosen Era's all Antithesis ;
An Age of Horse and Sail, not frantick Haste,
When men had Leisure, Elegance, and Taste ;
When Hypocrites to *Virtue* made pretence,
Poets to meaning, men of wit to sense ;
Sense was the Guide, Criterion, Object, Rule,
Error was Error still, a fool a fool ;
Man knew his place, nor fancied to progress,
The humbler, wiser, happier, hoping less.
Such my desire, through this Age as I grope,
To end with *Johnson*, life begun with *Pope*.

R. J. P. HEWISON

RUSSIA, 1850

I almost close my eyes as I look back
Upon whatever period's pleasant flower
I do not mark beginnings of the crack,
Barbarians coming, or the peasants getting sour
Imperial Russia, thus, before her doom
Must have been most agreeable to know,
When tiled stoves heated the enormous room
And troika songs were heard across the snow.
Greatcoats have waists and astrakhan lapels,
And on the lake the French-style ladies skate.
Enormous kitchens send delicious smells,
Preserving fruits from the remote estate.
The only crises drink, and debt, and sin
Or high romantic love (the pattern the affair
Of Tatyana with Evgeny Onegin),
The summers bright as Sorotchintsy Fair.
After the cherry orchards, the distractions
With artists and lieutenants on the Nevsky,
Scenes and emotional reactions
And talk with people wild as Dostoevsky.

CONSTANCE SEWELL

Beside the Thames be mine a simple cot,
With row-boat handy when I'd seek Pope's Grot.
Persona grata there, let me revere
A nymph perhaps, more probably a Peer ;
Linger a moment at Miss Blount's blue eyes,
Then learn from St. John to philosophise.
Next let the general company engage
In genial prattle about books and stage ;
Denounce the dunce and denigrate the play,
Devour a dish of critics—and of tea.
Leave shell-lined walls; admire the trim parterre,
Quaintly-clipped yews and lawns exactly square ;
Nor fail to note how regimented trees
Mirror *in parvo* the world's harmonies
(Though pilfered beach, manipulated sod
Hardly through Nature lead to Nature's God).
So, by the silver river, home to bed.
Unfumbling, where the candles fearless shed
Their kindly light in my unblacked-out snuggery
Two hundred years from Hitler's Doodlebuggery.

REGINALD GRAY

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